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PROPERTY.
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

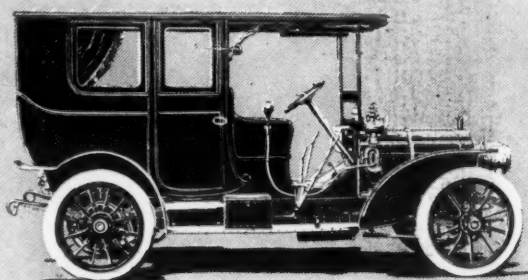


VOL XXXIX NO 19
AUGUST 3 1907

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"THIRTY"
1908



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DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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Full information regarding routes and rates from your city cheerfully furnished. Call on or address

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ALASKA—YUKON—PACIFIC EXPOSITION, SEATTLE, JUNE-OCTOBER, 1909

Great Northern Railway

Collier's

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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FOR EVERY SAN FRANCISCAN who cares about his town, or who, expecting to live in San Francisco, cares intelligently about his own interests, the moment is critical and the opportunity rare. Not often does any city have the chance for cleaning up presented by the combination of BURNS, whose rare skill as an investigator has put fear into the hearts of the whole criminal element, whether political, capitalistic, or labor; HENEY, whose prestige in the courts, before juries, and with the public, almost guarantees any cause he espouses, and RUDOLPH SPRECKELS, a young **OPPORTUNITY** man of high character, wealth, and great determination who has found a mission. If San Francisco does not at once recognize the power of this rare combination, and the opportunity afforded by the demoralized state of her criminal enemies, to put her house in order, she will miss a chance that she has not had since the days of the vigilantes, and may not get again in several generations. She may be helped to a right determination by bearing in mind that her rivals on the Coast are watching very closely what she does and will not miss the chance to profit by her mistakes.

THE WORD "GREAT" is often loosely used. An intelligent application of it to the intellectual preeminence of ten men in the United States would surely include Mr. ELIHU ROOT. A minor evidence of Mr. Root's title may be found in this sentence from an address which he delivered a few weeks ago to the students of Yale University: "After many **A THOUGHT** centuries of struggle for the right of equality there is some reason to think that mankind is now entering upon a struggle for the right of inequality." Here Mr. Root epitomizes an era, makes vivid in a single concise sentence something about which men think much but vaguely, and write turgid volumes. Enough it is now to call attention to Mr. Root's sentence; plenty will be said about it within a century or so.

THE GOOD ACCOMPLISHED by a legislative session has usually been measured by the bills which have gone through the mill. Not until recently has there come the realization that a legislative session may have gone far toward success if it has served to awaken an extraordinary interest among the people. No small part of the success of the New York Legislature, which lately closed a prolonged sitting, was of this kind. Of other State Legislatures this may also have been true, but probably the contrast to the discouraging apathy of previous years was more marked in New York than elsewhere, and it is safe to venture the opinion that, for this, a large share of the credit belongs to Governor HUGHES. Whether or not the Governor of New York consciously planned the work, as if it were one of his enumerated duties, or whether the good was accomplished indirectly through his habit of appealing to the people to reinforce his policies, it is certainly true that a day is at hand when one of the functions of an executive is to educate the people in matters needing legislative action. The citizen is tired of long-distance government. He would like to go to the Government had he the time. To-day he is beginning to ask that the Government come to him. Executives who are willing to see to it that the Government is brought close to the people are not only long-sighted politicians, but perform a function which the voters themselves are coming to look upon as one of the duties of office.

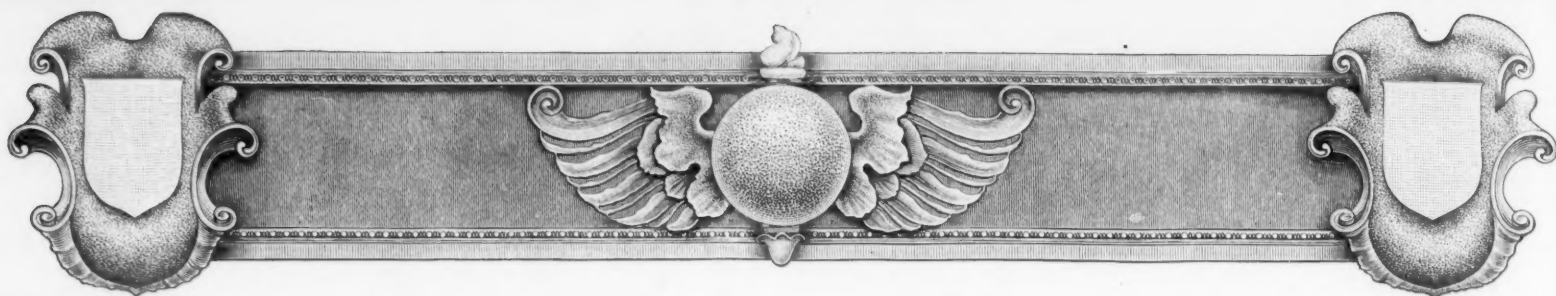
WITH THE INSPIRED STORY of FAIRBANKS's first and last drink of brandy, pressed upon his unwilling lips by an ungodly doctor after a carriage accident, belongs this official

narrative of his first and last descent into vice. It is found in another inspired article, adorned with intimate family photographs and filled with anecdotes closely personal, written by E. I. LEWIS in the "Independent," when FAIRBANKS was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. When CHARLES's parents hitched up and drove with him to Delaware, Ohio, to arrange for his entrance into the college there, doubt and misgiving perched upon the dashboard. They were, writes the biographer, "very fearful of town influences." They were afraid that "like so many country boys, he would not be able to withstand the temptations of town life." "This uneasiness continued," writes the devout Boswell, "until there came **A DESCENT INTO VICE** a letter home: 'Dear Mother—To-night I had to disobey your instructions to stay off the streets at night. When I came to my room to-night, I found there was no oil in the can, and I had to go down to the grocery to get some.'" This anecdote lacks only one final touch, the assurance that the oil which FAIRBANKS bought that night after dark on the sin-strewn streets of Delaware, Ohio, flowed from no Standard well, came through no octopus pipe. Mr. FAIRBANKS's corps of propagandists and biographers are, as a rule, vigilant and voluminous; that they should have missed making this point suggests a neglectful moment.

KOREA, AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION gone to seed, living on ancestral precedent, taking sustenance crudely from the soil, addicted to the vices of decay, faces a people, virile, unsentimental—who want room. No observer can question that history in the East has only begun. **A NATION GIVES WAY** That first meeting between a white race setting eastward, overland, thirsty for a port, and a yellow race setting westward, over the sea, thirsty for land, was not the last.

PROBABLY A GOOD MANY men much poorer would give it as their judgment that JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has paid too big a price for his money. After his wealth first made him conspicuous, the attitude of his fellow countrymen was for years, at the best, a semi-jocular tolerance, at the worst, sullenness. Even now he must for his own peace of mind and imagined safety of body go guarded by armed protectors. Although this is to the discredit of his countrymen rather than of himself, yet it is part of the price of his money. Aloofness from his kind was for a long time his confirmed practise. Now, all that is changed. Suddenly the hermit joins the throng—nay, more, he joins it with a smile, and his hand outstretched. Perhaps the smile is a bit tremulous; the clasp of the hand somewhat uncertain. There will be many to sneer that the old money king is assuming a sycophantic pose to appease public wrath and to forestall a looming vengeance. A kindlier and juster view is that the richest man in the world is seeking in the twilight of his life to become one with his fellows. If the attempt be occasionally inept, so much the more should it be received in good spirit. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, like any man of great power ruthlessly used, will die, as he has lived, with a good many haters. But, despite all the cruelty his system wrought, obituary judgment will, in its summing up, take into account the golf-playing, neighbor-welcoming, platitude-dispensing, reporter-interviewing latter days of an old man sincerely wishing to be kindly and genial. Public opinion is readily amenable to the human qualities. Playing at good-fellowship is, perhaps, as sound a foundation to build upon as giving away libraries with the name of the donor engraved over the door. Certainly it is a cheaper, and, on the whole, a more genial method.

MAKING FRIENDS



THRIFT, JUST NOW, has its woes, and the wages of accumulated wealth thin gently day by day. The crown of thorns has been transferred to other brows than labor's, and the cross of gold rests heavily upon the folk who, in their wickedness of heart, have scrimped and saved and put away. The bondholder is being banted. The bond markets continue subtly to slump and English "consols," the barometric security of the world of finance, touched not long ago the lowest point in sixty years. **ROTHSCHILD** pulls a wry face, and in a pessimistic interview blames the Liberal Government, **ROOSEVELT**, and Socialism. His Lordship jests well. None knows better than he that London is the financial heart of the world, and that the price of English Government bonds reflects world-wide influences, far more than local conditions. The evil theories of **CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN**, **ROOSEVELT**, and **KARL MARX** can hardly be equally operative in Berlin, Tokyo, the Caucasus, the Argentine, and Siam.

THE SIMPLE TRUTH is that we are face to face with a quite extraordinary phenomenon—a depreciating currency. And the remarkable thing is that this inflation is not due to a fiat of any demagogic Congress or Parliament, but to the working of purely natural conditions, or, if one prefers, of pure chance. The financial world would have gold for its yardstick, and the demand for yardsticks was therefore great. Then did invention, science, prowling discovery, and business acumen combine to meet the demand. Therefore have we now the cyanide leaching process, the dynamite blast, the steam or power drill, and Standard Oil-Armour business methods applied to low-grade material. These contrivances have worked overtime, and they appear to have overdone their job. We are threatened with a glut of gold. The cost of production of this yellow metal has fallen by a half or two-thirds. Therefore has the product increased by two and three fold in ten or fifteen years. Therefore is the exchanging value of a dollar growing less and less. Our yardstick is shrinking. In other words, wages and prices are everywhere rising. In ten years the world's stock of gold money has increased by fifty per cent. That we have a depreciating dollar is evident enough in the high rates of interest and the falling price of gilt-edge securities. The depreciating dollar is the cause of the latter and not **MARX**, **ROOSEVELT**, or any other incident of the passing hour. But whatever may be the cause, the fact, for people of fixed incomes, salaried folk, and those who live on coupons, is far from agreeable. It means very simply that a \$2,000 income will now only go as far as a \$1,300 income went ten years ago. This is the secret in the fall of consols, the demand for higher wages everywhere. This is the reason that gilt-edge bonds selling to yield four and a half to five per cent, and favorite stocks selling to yield from six to seven per cent are still not, strictly speaking, "cheap." Political economy and the more recondite philosophy of finance occasionally get very close to the everyday lives of all; and the dryasdust axioms of **ADAM SMITH** and **JOHN STUART MILL** become a little more vivid than the headlines of this morning's paper.

THE SHRINKING YARDSTICK

Indiana while the terrified agriculturist shivers in the roadside tree-tops with outbulging eyes. Strange combats crop up in the telegraphic reports of the daily press. A tomcat worsts a timber-wolf in fair fight, no holds barred and protect yourself in the break-away. An eagle carries off a sheep, with total disregard of the ratio between weight and wing area. An Arizona mule kicks a grizzly bear into the Happy Hunting Grounds. Farmer Cornfossel's brindled goat butts a mountain lion through the side of a barn and holds him prisoner until the farmer can get there with ropes, stakes, and a notary public. A bulldog is seen rushing in mad flight toward the Shawangunk Mountains, pursued

PHANTAS-MAGORIA

by an infuriated rabbit. On the beach at Goleta the Pacific washes up the bodies of a tarantula and an octopus, jaw-locked in death, and clasped in each other's arms—legs—fins—tentacles—whatever form of claspers they are fitted with. (That's the way it works, even upon the calm editorial mind.) Nature is, if the slang may be pardoned, faking herself to a standstill, while her faithful reporters chant in chorus the ancient Pan-ic ode:

"I thought I saw an elephant
Upon the mantelpiece."

But the madness will pass. Longer nights and shorter days will cool the heated imagination. The country correspondent will go on his hard-earned vacation; the society of the wild will cease to comport itself like a fancy-dress party in the insane ward of a menagerie and will settle down to sanity, with a wary eye on a Certain Person in Washington. It will be a wiser world, when the dog-days are over; but, perhaps, a sadder one.

THE SUMMER BOARDER thinks he gets the worst of it. He gives up his comfortable house, pays outrageous prices for unsatisfactory things, and amuses himself by believing that the "natives" are as bad as they are made out to be in the humorous papers. What do the natives think? "There are some places in Maine, yet, thank Heaven," writes one of these from Bucksport, Maine, "not given over, body and soul, to the Summer People." And she tells how they vulgarly try to buy antique punch bowls out of which they have been hospitably invited to drink and commit similar enormities against that cloistered little town:

"My father and mother lived here before me, their fathers and mothers before them, and in the little hillside cemetery, on tall slate stones, are graven the names of the generation preceding. The town is dear to me for all their sakes, as it is to many another for like reasons. The soil they trod is hallowed soil; their homes, now ours, are cherished spots. As you may guess, the inhabitants of our village are mostly elderly folk—that may account for its conservatism, or is it because a large proportion is womankind? A dozen or more old Colonial mansions are occupied by as many widows and spinsters, each living alone and on an income of fewer pennies, good sir, than you would like to count dollars. These substantial old homesteads, white-painted and guarded by gnarled apple trees, together with their gray-haired chatelaines, give the keynote of our community.

"Under their roofs is room a-plenty to harbor the small army of Summer People who clamor at the doors. Worse than blind to opportunity, are we not, then, when by sacrificing our independence and the privacy of our homes a little the flat old wallet might become plethoric again?

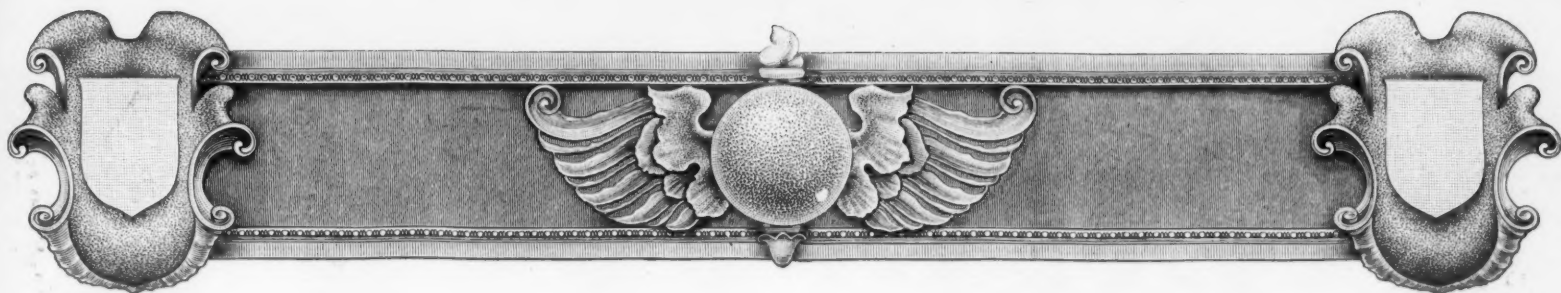
"Do not mistake me—our village has no lack of summer life. The boys and girls come trooping home from college and shop. Brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and friends drop in from all quarters. Hardly a house with the spare-chamber unoccupied, and gladly we welcome all. Ties of kinship and common tradition bind us as one family. We sit together on the porch shelling peas or pulling strawberries for shortcake, and when the household tasks—made light by many hands, for no servant question vexes here—are finished, off we go, old and young on the picnic no day is complete without, sure of finding Bobson's Pond or Hill-o'-Pines undeseccated by clutter of paper bags and sardine cans, and as sure of being undisturbed by noisy bands of thoughtless trespassers.

"Of necessity now and then a stranger slips in among us—of the very elect, often; oftener the dense of understanding. The house-mother is startled to discover her caller beneath the table examining its carven legs; or, if she return unexpectedly, exploring the china cupboard. Strange places, your great cities, if such be the customs and manners there!

"Do the best we may, summer does jolt us from our rut. But by autumn we settle back again. As the cold increases, a country mouse or two accept the hospitality of city cousins who passed the warm weather here. The rest of us snug up a little. The parlor is closed and the dining-table hobnobs with the kitchen stove. Now and then there is a quiet rubber of whist with the grocer who takes orders at the back door as honored guest—the best blood in the State flows through his veins.

"Each Monday afternoon the Browning Club meets and we underscore such lines as 'At least no merchant traffics in my heart,' with appreciative and approving pencils. Spring comes again and Town Meetin' Day, and when the voters declare in favor of street lighting and against waterworks, it is of their own free choice and not at the nod of some Summer Person they fear to offend. Ours is a decadent little country village, but ruins are not without attraction, and here, at least, that oft-quoted sentiment about all men being free and equal is no mockery."

The proud, stiff-necked old Puritan generation still survives. Not charming companions, perhaps, but excellent to have had as ancestors. It is worth while to turn to page 20 of this paper and see how another woman looks at another of these old New England towns, from another point of view.



WHILE THE COLLEGE MAN and the girl graduate of the boarding-school fling themselves into those countless forms of restless indolence which make up our national midsummer madness, thousands of teachers all over our country are finding in the work of absorption their only respite from the work of dissemination. Like clergymen, their task is that of the earthenware pitcher; they are filled and emptied, filled and emptied, and always for the sake of others. The unthinking who declare that a teacher studies simply for the sake of worldly advancement, are wrong. There is no advancement among pedagogues; all are on one level. The homely little

SUMMER SCHOOLS

spinster school marm who erases sums and corrects copybooks on some lonely Vermont hillside, is essentially as mighty a being as the college professor who thrice a week, among the classic shades of Harvard or Yale, destroys the theories of some fellow pedagogue. When a teacher studies, it is for a change in quality of service, not in kind of occupation. The ambitious hod-carrier aspires to be a mason; the ambitious office-boy to be a broker; but the ambitious teacher to be merely a better teacher. Just here lies the unselfishness of those summer schools wherein the teacher of the winter becomes the student of the summer.

COMES THIS LETTER from the manager of the "Municipal Ownership Publishing Bureau," that organization of literary mercenaries which, under heavy subsidy from various public-service corporations, is engaged in the furtive and subterranean introduction, into the columns of honest newspapers whose vigilance lapses, of "news" concerning the financial failure and ethical wickedness of municipal ownership:

"To the Editor of COLLIER'S:

"SIR—I appreciate your attempt at fairness in commenting, in the article on 'tainted news,' on the work of this Bureau, and trust that you will be just as fair with your readers in calling their attention to the fact that one thing the corporations do not monopolize is the output of 'tainted news.' As an unbiased National Weekly, is it not just as much your duty to show the taint in municipal reports, which are in many cases deliberately 'doctored' to show low costs, as it is to expose the methods adopted by corporations to defend their interests?"

Publicly owned electric-light plants and the like may or may not "doctor" their reports; it is difficult to see as obvious a motive for this as there is, for public-service corporations to misrepresent the results of municipal plants through writers hired to decry municipal ownership. However, be that as it may, fairness and frankness are twin virtues. Since Mr. GRANT exhorts fairness, he would be expected to practise frankness. The following communication from Mr. GRANT was sent,

PLATE MATTER

not to COLLIER'S, but to the president of the Oconee Telephone Company at Walhalla, South Carolina. Incidentally, it is marked conspicuously with that ever-potent tempter of curiosity "strictly confidential." The letter suggests that "in view of the bills leading to municipal ownership introduced in several State Legislatures last winter, it seems time that the telephone interests took active steps to head off further legislation in that direction." Then Mr. GRANT shows this rural telephone company the way:

"The Bureau has arranged with the American Press Association to furnish a page of plate matter monthly to such newspapers as may be designated. Companies desiring to place such matter in the local papers should communicate with the Bureau—under no circumstances taking up the matter with either the American Press Association or the local paper. All arrangements are made through the Bureau in such a way that the company does not appear in the matter at all. The cost of this service is \$20 per year per paper. The great benefit accruing from the constant presentation of facts and arguments in favor of private ownership can hardly be overestimated. As this matter requires no composition, papers use it where publication of other matter could not be secured."

A good many people in the United States sincerely believe that municipal ownership would make our cities more comfortable and pleasant to earn a living in; others feel with equal sincerity that municipal ownership in America would be a calamitous mistake. Both sides include persons of conviction and strong speech; and municipal ownership is sure to be a widely and strenuously debated issue for years to come. The more we can have of accurately recorded fact and honest argument, the sooner we shall come to a sound conclusion, and unbiased

opinion from responsible sources is a thing to be solicited. But arguments from hired advocates who carefully conceal the fact that they are hired, and the identity of their employers, won't help to an honest conclusion, and, when found out, will distort the issue. The complete truth about any argument includes the motive of its author, especially when that motive is the money of a combination of public-service corporations. The Municipal Ownership Publishing Bureau—so it writes in this "strictly confidential" letter to its clients—"was organized for the purpose of combating municipal ownership wherever an agitation in that direction may crop out." This sentence, printed as a footnote at the bottom of each item of "tainted news" which the Bureau sneaks into the papers, would enable the public to fix more carefully the precise value of the argument.

CERTAIN EXPRESSIONS of hopefulness, printed in the Kingston, New York, "Freeman," regarding Mr. HARRIMAN'S continued capacity to go his way in the world unhampered by any annoyances of the United States Courts, which this paper attributed to Mr. HARRIMAN'S busy press agents, were really published and inspired in good faith through the "Freeman's" regular channels for the collection of Washington news. We continue to believe that our Kingston contemporary's sources of information are more optimistic than accurate. To announce, seven years after the event, that Mr. HARRIMAN'S manipulation of the Alton Railroad was "indefensible financing," and to let it go at that, would not add much to the sum of human knowledge and would be a more tame

PROPHECY

and futile outcome than the public has learned to expect from those at present charged with the destinies of the Government at Washington. Up to date, Mr. HARRIMAN has been "investigated"; the purpose of an investigation is to uncover evidence, and proceedings of the kind begun against Mr. HARRIMAN do not logically end with the taking of testimony. What observer of current events can have failed to speculate on the near future of Mr. FRANCIS J. HENEY, temporarily of San Francisco, but bound soon to set out for new worlds? Does it seem probable that two men of such vast orbits—the most conspicuous scorners of statutes, and the mightiest defender of them, should continue to dwell upon the same hemisphere, yet fail to meet?

ARE WE NOT UNWISE in our childish horror of a mind diseased? To ills of the body, and to treatment by physicians, no odium attaches; why shrink from the idea of treatment for the mind? How much wiser for the doting mother of a conspicuous murderer to have placed him in an asylum at the right time. He might have made a useful, or at least a safe, man. But for the universal shrinking from asylums, he and others might have submitted to treatment for mental as readily as for bodily disease. Those who read SHAKESPEARE deeply know that in his time a bald head was universally looked upon with horror as the sign of a loathsome disease and repulsive immorality. Probably increasing medical knowledge will bring about an intelligent and unemotional point of view toward disease of the brain. A sign of the transition is the softer aspect of the term "sanitarium," as compared with "insane asylum," or the older "mad-house."

A MIND DISEASED

POSSIBLY A TEXT FOR SERMONS, but more fitly just an interesting flash of light upon the more obscure by-plays of life, a hint of how short the way from Fifth Avenue to Sixth, is this little advertisement from the New York "Evening Post":

BRIDGE
YOUR LUCK WILL RETURN.
MADAME NAPITAL pays astonishingly high prices for ladies' fine evening Dinner and Street Gowns. STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL. Only deals with the *haut monde*. Telephone any hour 670 Bryant. 748 Sixth Ave.

Might this not serve Mrs. WHARTON to meet that frequent criticism VANITY FAIR of "The House of Mirth," that the rapid disintegration of the fortunes and character

of the bridge-playing Lily Bart was a thing impossible in real life? What critic of the accepted moralities, by the way, will put to the test of accurate cerebration the distinction commonly made between playing bridge for money and playing it to kill time?



WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD ON THE WITNESS-STAND AT BOISE, JULY 11



IN THE COURT-ROOM, SANDY HOOK, KENTUCKY, DURING THE HARGIS TRIAL

TRANSFERRED from "Bloody Breathitt" to Elliott County, the trial of Judge James Hargis, charged with the murder of Dr. B. D. Cox at Jackson during the great feud war, began at Sandy Hook Court-House on July 9. The place is hardly more than a cross-roads; and when the attorneys and witnesses for the prosecution arrived they found that the Hargis forces had taken every available room in every house in Sandy Hook. Judge Moody declined to grant a change of venue, however, and the little court-house has become the scene of as bizarre a legal drama as Kentucky has ever staged. Opposed to John Waugh, the Commonwealth Attorney, who is prosecuting Hargis (shown in the top picture addressing the court), are some of the leading lawyers of the State. When the court is not in session, the crowd amuses itself "knocking down nigger babies" at a stand that has been



RECESS AMUSEMENT AT THE HARGIS TRIAL

erected beside the court-house, pitching horse-shoes, running foot-races in bare feet, and playing marbles. The lawyers for the defense have agreed with the prosecution's attorney that card playing can not be allowed; it is the form of amusement that would be most likely to cause a renewal of the feud war. In the early days of the trial a collection was taken up among the witnesses and lawyers to pay the fine of the solitary prisoner who was locked up in the Sandy Hook Jail. When the tin water bucket that stands beside the judge is emptied, and court adjourns for the day, Judge Moody is apt to go blackberrying. Early in the trial there was ample time for that while the prosecution was sending special bailiffs far and wide over four counties to collect the State's witnesses. In the picture of the trial above, "Jim" Hargis is shown in the left-hand corner of the room; he is without his coat



CHINESE DRAGON, 175 FEET LONG, CARRIED IN PARADE THROUGH THE STREETS OF OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, ON JULY 4

RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM AND THE GREAT AMERICAN FRAUD

Housecleaning is the order of the day with the religious press. Many editors and publishers have had their eyes opened to the inconsistency of printing fraudulent and dangerous medical advertisements in a medium whose avowed object is the betterment of humanity. Others have been forced by protests from readers or from church bodies to discard the support of quackery. But there are many who, lacking the principle or the courage to purge their journals of this taint, accept it in its entirety or in graded phases of compromise. With such, Mr. Adams's present article deals. A second, to be printed a few weeks hence, will be open to the case for the defense. The arguments put forth by the editors in justification or in exculpation of their alliance with the Great American Fraud will be printed. There will be, also, enough instances cited of successful religious journals which refuse to serve Mammon in their advertising columns while serving God in their editorials, to show the falsity of the most common defense, "We can't live without the money of quackery."

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM props one corner of the tottering Great American Fraud. Lend to a quack or a swindling patent-medicine vender the countenance of the church, and he is a made man. Peruna and Duffy's Malt Whiskey will spend freely, even extravagantly, to get endorsements from the clergy; mostly senile or discredited ministers, it is true, but still marketable on the strength of the churchly title. "Father John's" face, exploited shamelessly upon the hoardings which display the dubious virtues of "Father John's Medicine," capitalizes the protesting but defenseless Roman Catholic priesthood for the profits of chicanery. It was worth double his rentals for the scoundrelly Richie, D.D., with his "drug-habit cure," consisting of concealed morphine, to head his correspondence "Presbyterian Building, New York City," and when the Board of Home Missions, which controls the building, discovered the real nature of his business and promptly turned him out, he lost a valuable asset. For Dr. J. W. Blosser of Atlanta to decorate his quack catarrh advertisements (principally in the religious press) with the ornament "Rev." means thousands of dollars of added revenue. What did that prosperous medical rascal and fraud, Dr. W. O. Coffey of Des Moines, do when he found that COLLIER'S was looking into his "blindness and deafness cure" fake? Displayed an endorsement from the pastor of his church as a blanket defense. Religious backing, of whatever kind, inspires confidence; and the only religious backing that is open on the market is religious journalism.

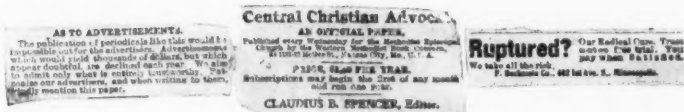
Donning the Profitable Cloak of a "Church Paper"

"ALL the religious papers carry my advertising," said one of the Bye cancer quacks when I called on him in Indianapolis, confident that he had offered an impenetrable bulwark against criticism.

The underlying meaning of his statement is twofold. First, Bye, and most of his ilk, get better returns for their outlay in the religious journals than from any other form of exploitation, chiefly because readers of sectarian publications maintain a simple and rather touching faith in the honesty of their "church paper" (the greater shame to the responsible editors and publishers who betray that confidence!); second, the quacks hold that to be found in such godly environment is in itself an endorsement, a defense, and a guarantee of standing. But what standing on the part of religious journalism does the exploitation of these maleficent shams imply? That is the question to which this article is directed.

Just as there are thousands of quacks and fraudulent medicines, great and small, so there are hundreds of religious and sectarian publications, of various scope and influence. The last newspaper directory gives the number as eight hundred and ten. In this article there is space to touch on only a few—a very few—of those which are definitely symptomatic of the dry-rot from which the journalism of the churches is suffering. It must not be inferred, however, that all the prints which serve God in their editorial pages serve Mammon in their advertisements. There are journals, like the Unitarian "Christian Register," the "Universalist Leader," the New York "Christian Advocate" (Methodist), the Nashville "Christian Advocate" (Methodist), the Los Angeles "Tidings" (Roman Catholic), the "American Hebrew and Jewish Messenger," the "Record of Christian Work," the "Christian Herald," the "Religious Telescope" (United Brethren), the "American Friend," and "Forward," which "touch not the unclean thing." Others there are, such as the New York "Churchman" (Episcopalian), the "Southern (Atlanta) Presbyterian," the "Interior" (Presbyterian), and the "Epworth Herald" (Methodist), which, with an honest intention and a general policy of decency in advertising, occasionally, through inadvertence, admit fraudulent or dangerous patent medicines to their columns. With those who maintain, or strive to maintain, a standard of ethics in their advertising as well as in their editorial columns, I shall deal in a second article. My present concern is with the others: those who deliberately betray, for gain, the faith of their readers; paid traitors to every household into which they enter.

As if duly made and provided for such use, one phrase crops up so consistently as a defense of vicious advertising, in answer to criticism of the religious press, that



The promise and the performance

one can almost hear the chorus chanting in unison. "We refuse every year," declare the virtuous editors, publishers, or business managers, "thousands of dollars' worth of medical advertising which other religious papers accept."

Loud and clear in this choral offering rises the voice of the "Christian Endeavor World." The "Christian Endeavor World," as the "official representative of the Christian Endeavor movement," displays, as its editorial motto, "Continuing the Golden Rule." That is very good so far as it goes. But, after studying its medical columns, I would suggest as a second motto, to be printed above its advertisements, the warning, *Caveat emptor!* For the intending purchaser may well beware in reading the man-traps which constitute so large a part of the "Christian Endeavor World's" patronage. Clippings from a few issues, taken haphazard, show, in the line of medical advertising, eight obvious swindles, five dangerous quackeries, and seven promised "cures" for diseases which are incurable by medicine.

"Continuing the Golden Rule!" Is this continuing the Golden Rule, to invite the unsuspecting sufferer to cure his own rheumatism by pasting a bit of sticking plaster, surnamed "Magic Foot Drafts," on the bottom of his feet, in the hope of "drawing out the uric acid" by a species of mysterious suction? Or to lure him deeper into the slough of drug habit, by involving him in the coils of the Dr. J. L. Stephens' morphine cure, which consists in giving him, in secret form, all the morphine he craves? Or to point him to the den of that arch-faker of optical malpractice, Oren Oneal? Or to deliver him to the tender mercies of Dr. Bye, of cancer ill-fame, or of the remarkably Reverend Blosser, or of Gauss the "catarrh specialist"? Is it doing unto others as you would have them do unto you, to combine with the swindler Kilmer in the vending of his "Swamp Root," or with the bunco artist Cheney in distributing his "Hall's Catarrh Cure" with its fake \$100 reward for any case it can not cure? Does the responsible publisher of the "Christian Endeavor World" really believe that "crooked spines can be made straight" by mail? And that F. W. Parkhurst, "the well-known publisher of Boston," having "nothing to sell," yearns to impart to the public, free of charge, his "cure" for neuralgia and rheumatism? "Continuing the Golden Rule," indeed! Continuing the Golden Brick!

What the Pious-Minded Publishers Reject

OF what nature is the "thousands of dollars' worth of advertising" which the "Christian Endeavor World" and its congeners reject every year? Mainly, I fancy, the "booze medicines." The rejections are too often formal and literal, rather than based upon any principle. The Duffy's Malt Whiskey concern (whose product is both a fake medicine and a poor whisky) told me that they were constantly appealed to by church papers to advertise under the name of "Duffy's Malt" or "Duffy's Malt Remedy." "So long as you use the word 'whisky,'" say the pious-minded publishers, "we can not, of course, admit you to our columns." That the preparation, with murderous mendacity, claims to cure tuberculosis and pneumonia makes no difference to their eagerness for a share of its earnings. The reek of blood itself will not revolt them, but the smell of alcohol sends their hands up in holy horror. Thus a fine old blended quackery like Peruna will be refused, on the ground that it is a known intoxicant, by religious editors who accept readily enough medical lures to the enslavements of morphine, or even the claims of preparations for the producing of abortion.

The "Baptist and Reflector," published in Nashville, Tenn., is strong in its opposition to liquor or any provocative to the use of liquor. True, it sells its columns to Wine of Cardui (many of whose advertisements are so deliberately vile and foul that they are refused by the better element of the daily press) but Wine of Cardui,

being a "female remedy" manufactured by a swindler who is high in the councils of his church, would hardly rank as "booze" in the mind of the "Baptist and Reflector's" editor. Other alcoholic medicines are conspicuously absent, but an analysis of the "Baptist and Reflector's" advertising columns shows fourteen rank medical fakes, seven dangerous "remedies," and six advertisements of charlatans who prey upon sufferers from incurable disease, five of them being cancer quacks. In

this list are included two morphine preparations, a very dangerous headache remedy, a "healer" of venereal disease, a "cure" for "fits" (by mail!), and a "lady's regulator," which is simply a thinly veiled promise—and a false one—to produce abortion. The editorial motto of the "Baptist and Reflector" is "Speaking the truth in love." It would be interesting to have the publisher, "speaking the truth in love"—or in any other spirit, so it be the truth—explain how he can square his medical advertisements with common decency, let alone professions of religion.

Editorial Columns for Sale to the Quacks

THE "Evangelical Messenger" is a sturdy opponent, and righteously, of intemperance. "The saloon is a plunderer of the home," it declares. . . . "The saloon is a cruel parasite, which does not contribute any good, but thrives on the destruction of its victims. . . . If we do not learn to protect the homes of the nation, we do not deserve to live as a nation." Sound sentiments, stirringly expressed. Now if the writer of the denunciation will substitute for the words "the saloon" the words "medical quackery," he will find that the paragraph reads equally well, and with full as much truth. In close proximity to the editorial I find the advertisements of Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer, a fraud on the face of it, and of Dr. L. T. Leach's Cancerol treatment. Dr. Leach belongs to the brood of cancer vampires. He was for years the moving spirit in the Dr. D. M. Bye Combination Oil Treatment for cancer, but when the malpractice of that institution became too notorious he quit the enterprise and his father-in-law, Dr. Bye, and, inventing the term "Cancerol," went into trade for himself. Dr. Leach is a patron and prop of religious journalism. It is his theory that the easiest prey is to be found among readers of church papers. Moreover, he has learned from his father-in-law (who built a small church out of blood-money) to capitalize his own sectarian associations, and when confronted recently with a formal accusation made against him by COLLIER'S, replied, with an air of injured innocence, that he was a regular attendant at church, and could produce an endorsement from his minister. By way of good measure he added that he belonged to the Columbia Club, the principal social organization of his city, Indianapolis. This is characteristic of every quack; each organization into which he can make his way becomes so much capital for his vicious business. Churches, and even clubs, are complaisant in such matters.

The "Christian Index" of Georgia fights the Demon Rum with might and main, but welcomes to its own household the subtler devil of quackery. Its readers are urged to patronize that monumental sham Vite-Ore, Winslow's Soothing Syrup, half a dozen fake medicines, and four "cancer cures," including the Kellam Cancer Hospital in Richmond, Va., which flourishes in the religious press almost exclusively. The Kellam plant belongs to the class of those which make blanket promises of cure without the knife. Its name and address are about the only important features of its literature that are truthfully stated. One of its suggestive statements is the claim that its methods have been endorsed by the Virginia State Senate. Curiously enough, the hospital is totally unable to produce said endorsement or anything resembling it. If the publisher of the "Christian Index" will take the time to do a little "cancer cure" investigating himself, he will become, so far as his advertisements go, a more reliable index and, haply, a better Christian.

One citadel of virtue the higher-class daily newspaper maintains. It will not sell its editorial columns to the exploitation of advertisements. This is the chastity of journalism, to preserve its editorial purity undefiled of any monetary influences. A standard equally high might reasonably be expected of the religious press. But certain publications of this class fall dismally below it and

deliberately prostitute their editorial utterances for the rewards of quackery. The "Christian Century" of Chicago formerly performed this service for its patrons, Oren Oenal and P. Chester Madison, through the pen of its editor, Charles A. Young, but either through a change of heart or a change of editor (both, I suspect) it has forsworn such practices and now comes out with a definite announcement that no suspicious or fraudulent advertising will be admitted to its columns, a pronouncement which its recent issues certainly bear out, so far as medical advertising goes. That so radical a change of policy should have been put in force is indicative of the recent awakening in religious journalistic circles.

Dr. Smith's "Free Medical Advice by Mail"

THE "editorial puff" market is not depleted, however. For any who wish to buy, the Rev. C. H. Forney, D.D., LL.D., editor of the "Church Advocate" of Harrisburg, Pa., is on the bargain counter. "Organ of the Churches of God" the "Church Advocate" terms itself. Among other assorted rascalities, it publishes the advertisement of Dr. W. O. Smith, "Specialist," who deals in "free medical advice by mail."

"Dr. Smith," proclaims the advertisement, "has adopted a method by which he can diagnose chronic diseases and successfully treat them at a distance. . . . Dr. Smith has discovered a Positive, Radical, and Safe cure for all forms of Nervous, Chronic, and Special Diseases, such as Weakness in the Back and Limbs, General Debility, Impotence, Lack of Confidence, Nervousness, Langour (sic), Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Limbs, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness; Diseases of the Throat, Head, Nose, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys; Skin Diseases of all kinds; Blood Poison, Nervous and Vital Weakness, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis; Diseases of Women and all Chronic, Lingering Complaints of Both Sexes. Take one Candid Thought before it is too late. A Week or Month may place your case beyond the Reach of Hope."

No intelligent person can read that advertisement without knowing that Dr. W. O. Smith, "Specialist," is a charlatan of the most malignant description. But it is not for the intelligent, but for the suffering and hopeful ignoramus that Dr. Smith's bunco game is prepared. And here, in the "Church Advocate's" editorial columns—editorial, mind you—we behold the Rev. C. H. Forney, D.D., LL.D., acting as "barker" for the quack.

"The use of electricity in therapeutics is of comparatively (sic) recent origin, and its value is not generally known to-day, yet in its application to medicine and surgery it has been found to be of special efficacy. The variety of diseases for which it may be employed with the best results is indicated in the advertisement of Dr. W. O. Smith, which may be found on another page. As Dr. Smith is a well-known specialist in this line of

his profession, a worthy and reliable gentleman, we take pleasure in recommending him to our readers. You run no risk whatever in consulting him."

Paraphrasing the choice locutions of this editorial gem, one might justifiably produce this conclusion: "As Dr. Smith is, on the face of his own statements, a self-branded swindler and rascal, you run no risk in assuming that the Rev. C. H. Forney, D.D., LL.D., in acting as his journalistic endorser for pay, is just such another as himself." Such a judgment would be, at least, logical. But I have no wish to be dogmatic in the matter. Perhaps the Rev. C. H. Forney, D.D., LL.D., is not as bad as he would appear from this editorial announcement and another, under the caption "Science and Art," exploiting the cancer "cure" of Dr. Bye. Perhaps he only lacks the intelligence to realize that neither electricity nor any other agency under the heavens is a "Positive, Radical, and Safe cure" for the diseases which the egregious Smith pretends to treat successfully, or he only lacks the moral sense to appreciate his own self-prostitution in bartering his editorial "opinions" to such as Smith and Bye.

The Richmond "Religious Herald," which is filled with quackery of all kinds, willingly prints as reading matter, in exact imitation of a legitimate paragraph, exploitations of Dr. D. M. Bye's cancer "cure," and of Vite-Ore. For thus deceiving its own subscribers it receives an extra rate from the charlatans.

Says the "Cumberland Presbyterian" regarding Dr. Charles Weber, the "knifeless cancer cure" quack of Cincinnati, who advertises liberally in its columns: "Dr. Weber is personally known to some of those connected with the 'Cumberland Presbyterian,' and we have every reason to believe that he is a reliable man and competent physician." Who are the "some of those connected with the 'Cumberland Presbyterian'?" Does James E. Clarke, the editor, personally know Dr. Charles Weber? Does any member of the editorial staff personally know him? Or any member of the publication department? Or any person in any way connected with the publication other than the advertising solicitor who appealed to the charlatan for the "Cumberland Presbyterian's" share of the profits? And has the complaisant editor any defensible reason for his belief that Weber is a "reliable man and competent physician" other than that he pays his advertising bills? Last year the "Miami Presbyterian" passed a memorial to the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church as follows:

The "Miami Presbyterian's" Good Resolutions

"WHEREAS, There appear in the columns of our church paper and other periodicals, medical advertisements which are objectionable because of their misleading, deceptive, untrue, and fraudulent character; and
"Whereas, The publication of such advertisements tends to suggest the presence of disease which does not exist, to cause a postponement of early diagnosis and

appropriate treatment of many serious maladies, and to injure the physical, mental, and moral well-being of many readers who implicitly rely on what they have read in their church paper; and

"Whereas, No amount of money received from such advertisements can right these wrongs; and
"Whereas, We affirm our affection for the 'Cumberland Presbyterian,' and express our confidence in its management and editorial control, and observe with pride its attainment. Therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the General Assembly direct its board of publication, through its agents, to refuse all advertisements of a medical character unless said advertisements are first approved by the board to be hereinafter named."

Quacks Who Use the "Cumberland Presbyterian"

WHAT was the effect upon the "Cumberland Presbyterian"? Apparently none. In the copy of the paper before me I find, besides the cancerous Weber, "Dr." Kilmer's Swamp Root, Hall's Catarrh Cure, Wine of Cardui, Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Pazo's Pile Ointment, and Miles's Anti-Pain Pills, the latter ornamented with the following statement: "It matters not where located or under what conditions, they will drive it away—pain is bound to yield to their soothing influence upon the nerves." Of course this is a barefaced lie. But it is worse than that, for what little result is obtained from the anti-pain pills comes from a coal-tar drug which powerfully and dangerously depresses the heart action. Attempting to cure a head, toe, or stomach-ache, at the risk of stopping the heart action entirely, is the process to which the "Cumberland Presbyterian" encourages its readers. How sorely, how very sorely, it must need the money!

The "Baptist Watchman" of Boston publishes a defense of patent-medicine advertising which embodies certain of the arguments furnished in the "canned editorials" sent out by the Proprietary Association of America. "There are many medicines and much medical practice which ought to be condemned," writes the editor, "and the 'Watchman' will not knowingly approve or aid either in any way whatever. There are also many proprietary medicines which are simply physicians' prescriptions or methods which have proved successful in private practice, and which are advertised simply to give them a wider usefulness. The 'Watchman' rejects advertisements all the time of those things which may reasonably be objected to."

An excellent platform if lived up to. But the "Watchman" is jam-full of advertisements of both kinds: the legitimate proprietary remedies and the arrant shams—mostly the latter. Is there no reasonable objection in the mind of Edmund F. Merriam, editor of the "Watchman," to Piso's Consumption Cure, which, under the Pure Food Law, has been forced to change its name on the labels (though not in its advertising) because its

HOW THE "CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORLD" CONTINUES THE GOLDEN RULE INTO THE "GOLDEN BRICK"

Cuttings from the advertising pages of the "Christian Endeavor World," taken haphazard, show, in the way of medical displays, eight obvious swindles, five dangerous quackeries, and seven "cures" for diseases which are incurable by medicine. Among the fakers whom the publisher admits to his pages is the man who offers to straighten a crooked spine by mail. The motto, "Continuing the Golden Rule," should be supplemented, above the advertising columns, with the warning *Carcat emptor!*

claim to cure consumption is baldly fraudulent? Is not Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, with its enslaving morphine, a patent medicine which "may reasonably be objected to"? Will Editor Merriam explain by what phenomenon of logic or elasticity of ethics he accepts the lubrications of Dr. Bye, or Oren Oneal, of Liquezone, of Actina, that marvelous, two-ended mechanical appliance which "cures" deafness at one terminus and blindness at the other, and all with a little oil of mustard, and of Mrs. M. Summers of Notre Dame, Ill., who in print yearns to impart to suffering humanity a sure cure for rheumatism, kidney troubles, and women's diseases, but who, in a composite photograph, would exhibit a full beard and a bass voice, and answer to the description of Vanderhoof & Co., patent-medicine fakers? Finally, has the "Watchman's" editor noted, by any chance, that Dr. Farrar of Boston, one of those leeches who claim to cure rupture "without the knife or pain," embodies this significant sentence in his advertisement in the "Watchman's" columns: "Inquire of Publisher of this paper." If this does not mean that the "Watchman's" editorial endorsement is thrown in as a bonus when a quack purchases advertising space, then what does it mean? On the other hand, be it said to the paper's credit, its editorials fly in the face of its patent-medicine patrons by advocating a law requiring the full formula to be printed on all proprietary "remedies."

For some mysterious reason the ethics of a certain class of religious editors exhibit a tendency to become lopsided. These gentlemen share in that extremely human error of berating the sins of others with such vehemence as to forget their own shortcomings. For example, the "Gospel Advocate" of Nashville, Tenn., is quite sure that the country is approaching ruin through cigarettes; and it further opines that "the use of the organ in worship is a growing sin in our churches." I have heard some pretty bad organists myself, but if I edited the "Gospel Advocate" I should clean up my pages a little before setting out to save my fellows from going to perdition via the music route. As a start the editor might throw out his cancer cures, Vite-Ore, Mrs. Summers (the bearded lady of Notre Dame), Winslow's Soothing Syrup, the Reverend Blosser, and the quack Dr. Hathaway. Later he might continue the good work by casting out the various lesser chicaneries which dubiously decorate his paper, at the end of which housecleaning he could, with a better grace, tackle the body-destroying cigarette and the soul-destroying pipe organ.

The "Christian Advocate" on Superstition

TO the sensitive spirit of the Baltimore and Richmond "Christian Advocate" it is a lamentable thing that terrified Italians, during an earthquake, should have fallen on their knees and prayed to the saints. An editorial on this topic is headed "Roman Catholic Superstition." What kind of superstition is it which the "Christian Advocate" incites in its readers when it points them to A. I. M. (Acid Iron Mineral), purporting to be a cure for anything from eczema to snake-bite, with a special claim as a remedy against bleeding to death? Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Vite-Ore, the Kellam Cancer Hospital, the Jackson "free" rheumatism cure, and Dr. J. W. Blosser of catarrh-cure fame, who is sometimes a Rev. Dr. and sometimes a medical doctor, and at all times a fraud, also appear as appellants to the particular type of superstition which the editor of the "Advocate" fosters. Though not a Roman Catholic, I should much rather appeal for help to a saint in the event of earthquake than to Kellam or Blosser in case of cancer or catarrh. Dr. Buckley has done the Christian public a vast service in his exposures of Christian Science," approves G. C. Rankin, D.D., editor of the "Texas Christian Advocate," writing of Dr. J. M. Buckley of the New York "Christian Advocate." This is all very well for Dr. Rankin; Christian Science does not advertise in Dr. Rankin's publication, therefore that politic person can commend attacks upon it with a free heart. But Dr. Buckley, in the New York "Christian Advocate," has for years been waging a relentless war not only upon Christian Science, but also upon the fraud medicines and "sure cures" which do advertise in Dr. Rankin's journal. Does Dr. Rankin exhibit any irrepressible enthusiasm over this phase of his brother laborer's energetic work? Not so far as has appeared. Masterly silence has been the keystone of his strategic policy in this respect. And with sound reason, for if one cuts out from any single issue of Dr. Rankin's "Texas Christian

A QUESTION FOR FOLK AND HOLT

Do Messrs. Edgar E. Folk and A. J. Holt, proprietors of the "Baptist and Reflector" of Nashville, Tennessee, endorse this sentiment from their paper: "Preachers . . . should not preach anything which they are not willing to take to themselves"? If so, how do they justify the advertisements here reproduced?

"Advocate" all the foul, indecent, dangerous, and mendacious paid matter, the remnant resembles a pattern for a broad-mesh mosquito netting. Cancer quacks, dropsy quacks, private disease quacks, all find equally hospitable refuge, at so much per line, in Dr. Rankin's columns. One enterprising person attains the height of absurdity by advertising, under the self-bestowed title of "The Texas Wonder," to cure all kidney and rheumatic troubles by mail for \$1. Another advertisement (which most daily papers throw into the waste basket) comes near the depth of degradation in exploiting "Man Medicine." Since this reverend gentleman so admires Dr. Buckley, I would respectfully suggest that he make a careful study of that militant editor's advertising pages; for therefrom he will learn, vastly to his surprise, very likely, that it is possible for one of his own faith and church to publish a religious journal, and a successful religious journal, whose advertising pages are clean, honest, and independent of a dollar's aid from any exponent of the Great American Fraud. "Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those which are before" is the motto of "Advance," a useful and, in some respects, an honorable denominational paper. But when "those which are before" assume the form of rolling dollars, "Advance's" "reaching forth" partakes of the nature of a grab. Money is money to its treasury, whether it come from Dr. Bye and Dr. Leach, cancer vampires; "Prof." Schlegel, an eye-cure charlatan; that two-ended fake, Actina; C. E. Brooks, who treats rupture by mail; or F. J. Kellogg of Battle Creek, who advertises an "Obesity Reducer" to reduce weight and make "muscle, bone, sinew, nerve, and brain tissue." It makes none of these things. What it does do is to reduce one's chances of living in exact proportion as it reduces one's flesh—a truly admirable proposition for a Christian paper to support.

No denomination is free of this taint of blood-money except the Christian Science publications (some of whose exploited "cures" are as absurd as the claims of the most blatant quacks) and the Quakers. Among the Roman Catholic journals the "Catholic Monitor," the official weekly of New Jersey, accepts Winslow's Soothing Syrup; the "Church Progress" of St. Louis exploits a fraudulent "calculus cure"; the "New World" of Chicago accepts that ridiculous medical juggler, Sproule of Boston, who is sometimes "Health Specialist" Sproule, sometimes "Deafness Specialist" Sproule, and again "Catarrh Specialist" Sproule. In the Pittsburgh "Observer" is to be found the truly remarkable announcement of one Hendrick, who "fights disease with drugless

medicine and bloodless surgery," and wishes to instruct others in his art—for a consideration.

Jewish gullibility is represented in the "American Israelite" by Piso's Consumption Cure and Food-digesters, "a Positive Cure for Indigestion and Dyspepsia." [A letter received as we go to press from the editor of the "American Israelite" informs us that these objectionable advertisements have been dropped.] The "Christian Intelligencer" of the Dutch Reformed Church takes what it can get, because, as it frankly avows, it has to make money as it best can.

Of the Presbyterians, the New York "Observer" accepts Dr. Weber, the cancer artist; Piso's Consumption Cure; a mysterious "Lithon- triptic"; and Roche's "Herbal Embrocation," which proposes to cure whooping-cough and croup by external applications. Any one who has ever attempted to mend the mainspring of a watch by sticking court-plaster on the dial is in a position to appreciate the underlying principle of this method. For the consideration of the easily-deluded among Episcopalians, "The Living Church" offers "an Accidental Discovery of an Electrical Engineer, which Restored his Lost Hearing" in the form of the Way Ear Drum, advertising that nine out of ten of those using it have been benefited—an absurd piece of mendacity. "The Living Church" also prints an advertisement of Grape-Nuts, supposably a food, but rapidly verging to the patent-medicine class; this particular advertisement suggesting that one needn't be operated upon for appendicitis if he will eat Grape-Nuts. If people take this dangerous tale seriously, the Postum Company, which manufactures Grape-Nuts, is likely to be responsible for a good many lives lost. To the Southern Presbyterian Church the "Christian Observer" exploits Dr. Weber; Green's Dropsy Cure; Dr. Bye; Drs. Gratigny and Bush, a cancer-quack partnership; Actina; the Stephens Morphine Cure; Rupert Wells's "radium" cancer treatment, and Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Of certain Methodist and Baptist standards of journalism I have already given instances. Other denominations are represented to greater or less lengths.

The Case of the Undenominational Press

NOR does the undenominational religious press shine particularly by comparison. The "Christian Work and Evangelist" prints the lures of Sproule, Mrs. M. Summers of Notre Dame, Dr. Bye, Piso's Consumption Cure and Winslow's Soothing Syrup, those twin "dopes," and Alice A. Wetmore, who has discovered a "perfect home cure" for heart disease. The "Ram's Horn" excludes from its pages "everybody and everything that we believe might abuse the confidence of our readers." What a singularly touching trust is that of the "Ram's Horn" in its advertising patrons, when, to go no farther, it implicitly expresses its confidence in the thiefing Dr. Coffee of Des Moines, and in Oxydonor, which modestly promises to cure not only all nervous complications, but such simple ailments as pneumonia and locomotor ataxia! The list might be indefinitely prolonged, extending from publications which will print anything in which there is a dollar to those which exclude open quacks and dangerous medicines, but accept the comparatively harmless but essentially mendacious claims of such proprietaries as Cuticura Soap and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

For such as lend aid to the duping of their own readers, religion is a thin cloak. "They are not religious journals," declared the Rev. George Vandewater in an after-dinner speech, answering criticism of the so-called religious press; "their principles are confined to money-making, and their piety is a pretense and an asset. You can not saddle the churches with the sins of a parasitic journalism." This is true of the worst of them; true, I fear, of the vast majority of them. The paid tools of swindlers, they themselves become partners in the crime; they lend themselves as the ready hirelings of those who pander to vile or destructive appetites. "But we can not live without this money," lamentably cry the publishers. Be it so. Better that they die and cease to cumber the earth than that they thrive, to justify the words which George Macdonald years ago put into the mouth of one of his characters:

"Look at certain of the so-called religious newspapers, for instance. Religious! Their tongue is set on fire of hell! It may be said that they are money speculations, but what makes them pay? Who buys them? Do not many buy them who are now and then themselves disgusted with them? Why do they not refuse to touch the unclean things?"

THE • GREATEST • OF • THESE



BY • CHARLES • BELMONT • DAVIS

Decorations By Clara • Elsen • Peck



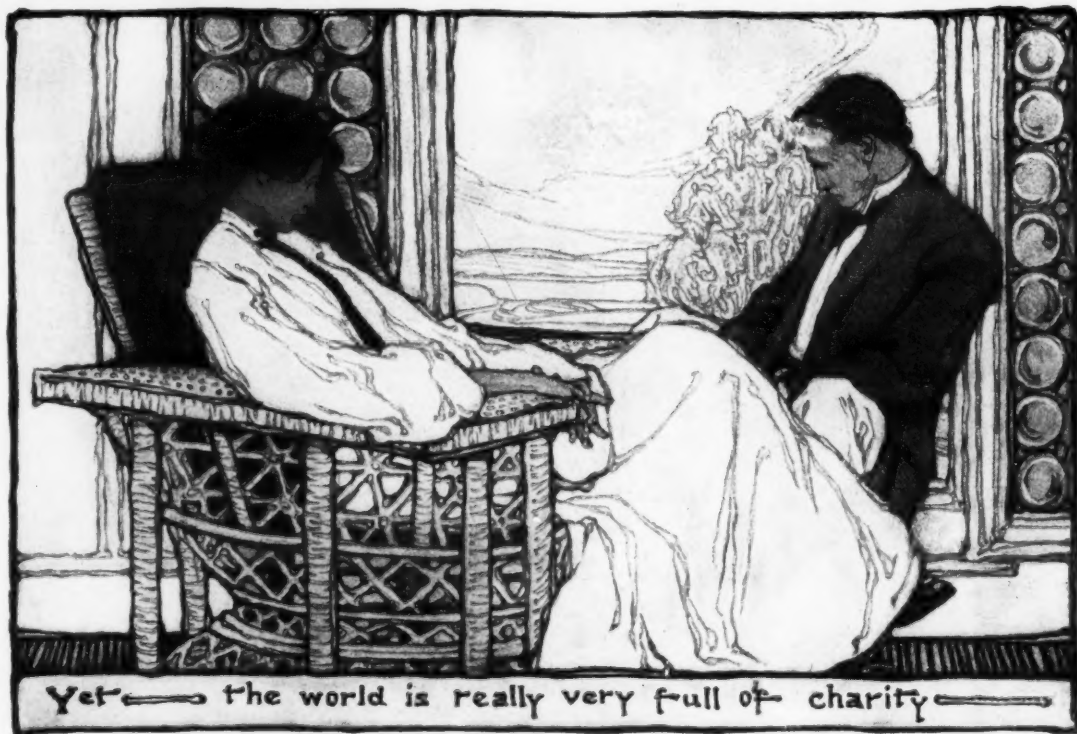
AS HE stepped off the train Crichton glanced up at the big black clock with the gold hands just as if he had been a commuter from Scarsdale or Mamaroneck. In reality it had been over two years since he had set foot in his native town, but his mind, like that of all good travelers, focused itself unconsciously and immediately upon familiar places. It was already a quarter past three o'clock, so he hurried over to the telephone booths to call up Curtis before his friend should have left the little glass office down in Wall Street.

A quarter past three is usually a very busy moment in a broker's office, and Crichton was reminded of the fact by the snarl from the office boy who answered his call. Even Brooke Curtis himself spoke somewhat peremptorily until he quite understood who was at the other end of the wire. Then there came: "Well, well, well—that's fine. Arrived in Boston this morning, eh? You say you're at the Grand Central. Well, check your stuff right out to the place and take the three-forty train. Try to make yourself comfortable, and I'll be out on the four-forty-five in time for a game of squash. Tell them you have come to stay—don't forget. Stay—sure. Headquarters while you are in this country. It's really great—you've saved my life—this town is dead in summer. I'll telephone them to meet you at the station. Good-by!"

An hour later Crichton was lounging in a deep leather chair in Curtis's billiard-room. He had changed to his flannels and was smoking and reading the time away until the master of the house should return and join him in a game of squash—preceded, of course, by the traditional walk through Curtis's beloved vegetable gardens and greenhouses. He dropped his book and blew a long, thin cloud of gray tobacco smoke into the yellow sunshine, which stretched an unbroken path from the open window to the great, empty hearth across the room. The whole place was filled with a golden haze, and through this and the gray smoke Crichton looked out of the broad window on the stretch of deep green sward running down to the water and then beyond to the great heights of the Palisades.

The man smiled at the wonderful beauty of it all, and marveled how anything could have remained so long unchanged. Since his college days, when he used to spend his summer vacations with Curtis, he had looked out on that same scene of green grass, and blue water, and gray rocks, and it was the one picture of America that he had always remembered on his travels in strange countries. It came to him at times when he was a little tired, mentally, or when he had been ill in a foreign land and with strange faces about him.

Ever since Brooke Curtis had first become master of Edgemere it had been an unwritten law that, during the summer months, no women folks, not even women servants, should ever enter this wing of the house. Curtis and his younger brother Ned had their rooms here, and so had Crichton one story above them. On the ground floor was the billiard-room, and as there was no danger of feminine intrusion, Curtis and his men guests usually wandered about the whole wing in the most unconventional summer garments. It so happened on this occasion that Crichton was in a fairly presentable condition, although he had already discarded his coat and tie and had rolled up his sleeves in anticipation of the coming contest at squash. When through half-closed eyes he first saw the tall figure with the flimsy white waist and the long, close-fitting duck shirt, it seemed as if some fairy princess had risen from the lawn and was coming to waken him from his dream. And then, as he instinctively pulled himself out of the low chair, he became quite conscious that this was no fancy at all, but a very good-looking girl who was breaking in where she had no right to break in. She certainly was very good to look upon, at least so Crichton thought, as, unconscious of his presence, she came through the high French window, the sunlight falling on a mass of golden brown hair,



and lighting up the clear skin, flushed crimson after a long walk over country roads. It was, however, with a certain amount of unpreparedness, both as to his mental and physical attitude, that Crichton rose to receive his lady visitor.

At the sight of him the girl uttered a low cry of surprise and stepped back toward the window.

"It's all right. I assure you, it's all right," urged Crichton. "Just let me get into my coat and I'll introduce myself."

"It's all right if you don't get into your coat," said the girl. "It's rather becoming. Ned told me I must never come in here, but I was quite sure no one was at home."

"Ned told you?" asked Crichton.

"Yes, I'm Miss Ferguson; Ned and I are stopping over at the Ellisons'."

"Delighted," and Crichton bowed. "I'm Jim Crichton—you may have heard—Brooke and I—"

"I'm afraid not," interrupted the girl, and she held out her hand as if Crichton had been her oldest man friend. "You see I've only joined the family very recently, and I really don't know any one in New York. I'm from the Golden West."

"Really," said Crichton, "and did I understand you to say that you had joined the family?"

"Oh, you don't know, then?" And the suggestion of a blush heightened the girl's color.

"I'm afraid not," he answered. "I, too, have been away for some time."

"Well, you see," said the girl, "I'm engaged to Ned. Yes, I am, regularly engaged. Announced and everything. Would you like to see my ring?"

The girl laid her hand in his, and Crichton examined with much solicitude a splendid cabochon ruby.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"Perfect!" he said, and released her hand.

"That's what I tell Ned; it's quite perfect. It's really the only engagement ring I ever saw that wasn't tagged with an apology. Every girl friend I ever had when she showed her engagement ring said that it wasn't what Billy or Tommy or Harry really intended to give her, but just as he was going to buy it the market went up or down, or a rich old aunt who ought to have died didn't. You know all the sentiment really went out of engagement rings with tam-o'-shanters and kissing games. What do you think of Ned, really? You must know him pretty well—you seem so much at home here."

Crichton started to pull down his sleeves.

"No," said the girl, "that's all right. Leave them up. I didn't mean that, really. Why don't you take some Scotch? There it is back of you on the table—club soda and everything. Please don't mind me. Ned says I drive him to drink. Queer effect to have on a man, no?" Crichton got up and moved in the direction of the little table with the bottles and high glasses and a big bowl of ice.

"To be quite candid," he said, "I don't think that Ned is good enough for you. Ned's a nice, good-

looking lad, at least he used to be, but he's not in your class at all."

"Now you're making fun of me. Don't think I always talk so much as I have just now, because I'm really rather a serious person. I was a little nervous. You see it was against the rules to come in here at all, but it was a short cut to the library."

"Where's Ned now?" asked Crichton.

"I left him on his way to the stables. There's something the matter with his riding horse. How long have you known him?"

"Always," answered Crichton. "You see I was a kid friend of Brooke's even before we went to college together. Ned sort of grew up at our knee."

Crichton poured out his drink and, carrying his glass, walked over to the empty hearth.

"It must be fun," said Miss Ferguson, "to go to college for four years with men one really cares for."

"Yes," said Crichton, "there were three

of us. There was Brooke and Willie Sherman and myself. We were always together for those four years—four long, beautiful years, when we never knew a care or had a doubt that the world had been made for our especial benefit."

"And then—?"

"And then came the awakening—the *débâcle*. The winter after we had taken our degrees we had learned of what very little account we really were. Curtis became an ununiformed messenger boy in his father's office by day and a cotillion leader by night; Willie Sherman conceived a lively up-to-date interest in people who had lived a few thousand years before and spent his livelong days digging up mounds where it seems they had carelessly left their bones and foolish trinkets."

"And what became of you?"

Crichton straightened up and looked fairly into the girl's eyes. In his glance, it seemed to Miss Ferguson, there was a certain look of surprise and wonderment that she really did not know what had become of him.

"I went to Paris," he said.

The girl smiled. "Ah, that wicked city."

"Yes, it is wicked, I suppose," he said, "for women and boys just out of college. They rob you women at the dressmakers' by day and the boys at the cafés and jardins by night. Still, it's a well-lit city and it seems rather cheery after a few months in the desert, or a winter with the faded yellows and pinks of Spain and Italy. There is so much there for the old ones who have dug deeper than the veneer that the tourist loves. Why, Paris is as full of us dead ones as the catacombs of Saint Calixtus. I just came from there."

"How lonely the other dead ones must be," said the girl. "What were they doing?"

"Oh, just about the same thing—watching the Seine boats and feeding the sparrows in the Bois and sharing the ignominy of Alsace-Lorraine by plastering her statue with tin wreaths."

"And the live ones?" she asked.

"*Le monde du sport*? Oh, they were beating each other's brains out at polo at Bagatelle and climbing up Montmartre every night to hear a man sing at a new cabaret. Rather amusing he was, too, sort of a Fragon chap. He really had one great song." Crichton walked over to the piano, carefully put down his cigarette and glass of Scotch, and ran his fingers lightly over the keys.

"Do you speak boulevardier French?"

The girl nodded. "Pretty well. Ned takes 'La Vie Parisienne,' and a girl I know who lives over there sends me most of the café-concert songs. I send her the new coon songs—sort of musical exchange. Please go on." She put her elbows on the piano and rested her chin between the palms of her hands. Crichton swung the piano-stool half around toward the girl and partly sang and partly recited the song to her.

"My, but you do speak good French," said Miss Ferguson when Crichton had finished and had begun feel-

ing his way through the introduction of another song. "That song is really quite wonderful, isn't it? It's so direct and simple, and there is such a hopeless tragedy under the apparent humor of it all. Who wrote it?"

"I don't know the gentleman's name. I imagine it was the swan song of one of the dead ones. Probably wrote it on a marble table at a café, dressed in a slouch hat, a black cape, and a black flowing tie, and a large glass of absinthe in front of him."

"And all Paris," she added, "is singing the story of a man's life while the man is starving in a garret?"

"Probably," said Crichton, "and no doubt we will learn later that he sold that very song for five francs, while the publisher with his illegitimate proceeds built a dirigible airship that was the talk of all Paris. Did you ever hear that French song of the airship and the automobile? No? Well, then, I'll sing it to you, but in the absence of a chaperon I think we will omit the last two verses."

When the song was finished Crichton got up and bowed to the girl and waved his hand in the direction of the piano-stool.

"My first number," she said, "is rather a showy piece, even a little theatrical. It's called 'A Bark at Midnight.'"

Half an hour later Ned Curtis found his fiancée still at the piano and Crichton deep in an armchair sipping his Scotch and looking straight ahead at the girl's brown hair, which the soft rays of the dying sun streaked with gold. The two men shook hands warmly.

"Did you ever hear Miss Ferguson sing 'A Bark at Midnight'?" Crichton asked.

Curtis said he really didn't know and left it to Miss Ferguson, but the girl, coloring a little, admitted that he had not, and continued to run her fingers lightly over the keyboard.

"I think it's the most wonderful thing I ever heard," said Crichton. "I really believe she would have played it for me the third time if you hadn't interrupted."

And then Brooke Curtis, the master of the house, came hurrying in with a very boisterous welcome, and the song and even Miss Ferguson and her fiancé were forgotten in the greeting of the two old friends.

"Come on," said Curtis; "we'll take a walk around the grounds. I want to hear all about yourself, and these two young lovers would be in the way."

"Good-bye, Mr. Crichton," said Miss Ferguson; "we won't be here when you return. Thank you so much for the songs. I wish you would send me the one the Montmartre poet wrote if you can get it for me. Good-bye."

They shook hands and then Crichton and Curtis, arm-in-arm, went out and left the girl and Ned together. The young man crossed the room and leaned over the deep lounging chair in which she sat. Mechanically she raised her hand, which he took in both of his, and, raising it to his lips, lightly kissed the tips of her fingers. The girl's eyes followed the figures of the two men crossing the lawn.

"What an unusual person your friend Crichton is," she said. "How is it that I never heard you speak of him before?"

The young man, still holding the girl's hand, sat on the broad arm of the chair. "I don't know," he said, "except that he has always been Brooke's particular friend. He is a good deal older than I am, but I rather thought pretty much every one had at least heard of Jim Crichton."

"What would one hear," she asked, "good things?"

Ned got up and crossing to the table slowly began to prepare himself a drink. "Yes and—no," he said. "He is and always was one of the finest men God ever made, but Jim made one mistake."

"What kind of mistake?" she asked. "It must have been serious."

"It was," he said, "one of the kind people never forget, though in a way they forgive. I might as well tell you, because somebody will sooner or later, and I'll tell you the true story."

The girl settled deeper in the low chair, her eyes still following the two men, who, far across the lawn, had stopped to examine a wall covered with old English ivy.

"When Crichton had finished college," Ned began, "he went over to Paris and settled down. One way and another he spent a good deal of money, at least Jim's father thought so, although the old man was very rich. However, for a long time he kept on sending Jim remittances far beyond his allowance, but he didn't fail to tell him what he thought of his extravagance. Finally, Jim got in with a pretty quick crowd and he used to play poker and baccarat with them at one of the clubs. Well, one morning he woke up and found himself very much in debt. The men whom he owed weren't the kind he could ask for time, and it was just a plain case of pay. He cabled his father exactly how things stood, and in a few hours he got a pretty rough answer, absolutely refusing the money and telling him he would have to live thereafter on his regular income. Of course, Jim needed the money, but the old

man's wire was what did the business. I honestly believe, just out of spite and to show his father that he couldn't down him he signed a check with his father's name for twice the amount he had asked for. The rest was easy, because the people at the bank knew Jim and knew his father was good for any amount. But when the check reached New York the old man denied it. I suppose it was because he loved Jim better than anything else in the world, and because he had done everything he could for him all his life, he lost his head completely and denounced Jim as a forger all over his old office. Half an hour later he tried to deny everything he had said and insisted the check was all right, but it was too late. Every clerk in the office hurried uptown and told the story at some tea or dinner or club, and, although they kept the story out of the papers, it was all over with Jim."

"And then?" asked the girl.

"Oh, then? Well, Jim came home and the two of them started in to spend years trying to undo the harm they had both done in a moment of anger. It almost killed the old man, and Jim took him from one health resort to another, trying all kinds of cures, but there was no cure for that kind of trouble. The old man died in Jim's arms, asking the boy's forgiveness with his last breath. I guess Jim would have been willing to quit then too, but he had the young machinery the old man lacked, and so he kept on going."

"And some of him lived, but the most of him died," the girl interrupted.

"No, hardly that," the young man said. "As a matter of fact, Jim never was any good until he signed that check. He was a crazy, wild kid before that, but the trouble made a man of him absolutely. He couldn't turn to individuals any more, except a few like Brooke who loved him better than anybody in the world, because he knew they knew the story, and that it was always being told behind his back—just as I am telling it to you. So for lack of individual friends he made a friend of the whole world. He devoted himself to ideas and places and books and races of people. There is hardly a settlement where any white man has been that he doesn't know and know well, and I think he has read more, and more intelligently, than any one I ever heard of. Of course, the tragic part of it all is that Jim is at heart terribly social; he has the heart of a woman and he loves his kind more than any man I know. But instead of friends made of flesh and blood, he has to shut himself up in his library with only his books about him, or go out and look for companionship in some South African forest or along the rocks of some God-forsaken coast where white people don't even get shipwrecked."

"But he told me he often went to Paris," the girl interrupted.

"Oh, yes, he does. He slips back there just as he does over here sometimes. But it doesn't last. He can't go to the houses of the only kind of people he wants to know, or he can't be a member of a decent club. You would have hard work to find any individual who says he does not feel about Jim Crichton just as Brooke or I feel, but there is always that intangible force fighting against him. He is the very best in the world, but the world hasn't forgotten and never will forget that he once forged a miserable bit of paper. Now, that's Crichton's story, and I don't know what that song of

"I suppose not," he said. "That is, no woman he cared for. It would be asking a good deal of a girl to share that kind of a life, and, besides, most men would rather drown than be thrown a life-preserver by a woman."

"And yet," answered Miss Ferguson, "the world is really very full of charity."

"In a way it is, but I think most people feel a good deal about it as they do about their securities; they prefer to put their investments in several baskets. It would take a good deal of nerve for a woman to constitute Jim Crichton her favorite charity."

"I wonder," said the girl. "Ring for the cart, won't you, Ned? It's time we were starting for the Ellisons'."

A few minutes later Crichton and Curtis stopped in their walk through the formal gardens long enough to wave to the young people who passed them on their way out of the grounds.

"Lucky boy, Ned, I must say, even if he is my own brother," said Curtis. "She'll make a wonderfully fine woman."

"Wonderful," added Crichton. "It was such fun to talk to a girl like that even for half an hour. I mean a girl who didn't know and just met you on your own."

Crichton stooped and kicked at a weed on the edge of the walk which the gardener had overlooked. "Do you suppose she knows now?" he asked.

Curtis put his arm through Crichton's and turned him in the opposite direction from the road down which the cart was fast disappearing.

"Dear old Jim," he said, "I suppose she does by now."

CRICHTON'S stay in America was very short. He decided quite suddenly one day that he must return to the Far East. A letter from Paris ten days later to Brooke Curtis, and then he disappeared entirely. Summer passed and winter and summer again, and then one day, late in November, Crichton turned up once more in New York. He went to his hotel and asked for a letter which was awaiting his arrival. Once in his room he tore off the envelope and reread the short note many times. This was all it said:

"DEAR MR. CRICHTON—I shall be glad to see you any afternoon after five, as I am nearly always at home then to give my friends a cup of tea. It is good to know that you are about starting in this direction."

"Indeed, I have often thought of the day I broke into the billiard-room and insisted on singing to you."

"Sincerely yours,
"MARGARET FERGUSON."

Late that afternoon he was standing in front of the fire in the drawing-room of the Ferguson home, and Miss Ferguson was sitting behind the teacups, looking, at least so Crichton thought, much more beautiful than she looked that day he had first met her almost two years before.

"But this time," she said, "you have come to stay for a long visit?"

Crichton looked down into his teacup and smiled. "I fear not," he said. "I am going away very soon."

"You're so disappointing. Can't you possibly stand us for a few weeks? Where are you going this time?"

"I haven't an idea," he said, "not the faintest, believe me."

"That's even less complimentary to us. What does Brooke say to this plan?"

"I haven't seen Brooke yet. You know I only arrived this afternoon. I wanted to see you first; in fact, it was to see you that I came back to this country. Not that I don't want to see Brooke, bless his soul, but—"

"You wanted to see me?" the girl interrupted him. "Me?"

The light from the fire shone full upon her face, and Crichton noticed that her color was very high and that her eyes seemed to avoid his.

"Yes," he repeated, clasping his hands behind him, "to see you and to ask you a favor. I am not going to ask it because I think you owe me anything or because I can ever possibly repay you, because I can't. It's a favor you would do for an utter stranger, because I think you

are naturally charitable and because it really doesn't amount to much anyhow—at least to you."

"You really are most mysterious," the girl said. Crichton noticed that the color had left Miss Ferguson's face and that she was smiling up at him quite pleasantly, and so he smiled back at her.

"It really isn't very amusing, as a matter of fact," he said. "It happened about this way. You remember that very soon after I first met you two years ago I went abroad?"

The girl nodded.

"My inclination was to think about you a great deal, but I did my best not to do so. You see you were engaged then to Ned, and for that and other reasons I tried to keep my mind on other people and other things. And then one day, when I was down on the west coast of Africa, I got a letter from a man who writes me sometimes and he told me you were not



yours is about that you sang to him, called 'A Bark at Midnight,' but, judging from the title, I'm not surprised that it interested him."

Miss Ferguson got up and crossed the room to the broad window which looked out on the river, turned pink and gray in the last rays of the evening sun.

"It's not a very happy story," she said. "And yet somehow it seems as long as his father forgave him the rest of the world might forget. Was there no practical way for him to get back? Couldn't Brooke, for instance, or you?"

Ned shook his head. "I don't think so," he said, "because if there had been any way Brooke would have discovered it long ago. I always had a theory that a woman could have done it. If he had married a girl of sufficient position and strength, I think she might have won back his place for him."

"And no woman ever loved him enough for that?"

engaged any more. So you see there was no particular reason why I should not think of you all I wanted to, was there?"

Crichton hesitated, but the girl did not notice him. She was looking into the fire, her chin resting between the palms of her hands.

"And soon after that," he continued, "I booked back to civilization, and when I reached Paris I got some very important news."

"Good news?" the girl asked without looking up.

Crichton shook his head. "I imagine most people would call it bad news," he said, "and I do, too, in a way. It seemed I had taken some sort of fever on the trip, and that had rather complicated matters in my system. I went to see a lot of doctors, and it was quite wonderful how they all agreed about me—one of them was quite hopeful. He said I might live a couple of months, but the best the rest could do was thirty days."

Her chin still resting in her hands, the girl slowly turned her eyes to his. She looked at him slowly from his head to his feet, as if she were trying to verify his words.

"I can't quite believe you," she said. "You don't look like a dying man, and you certainly don't talk like one."

"If I should step into the fire ight," he said, "I would certainly look like one, with not even thirty days ahead of him; and as for the manner of my speech, it seems to me that my way is the only safe way to talk about it. It's wonderful how a big piece of news really affects one. The first doctor who told me was an old fellow in a frock coat and a Legion d'Honneur button, and his silk hat was on the desk in front of him in his office. I think he must have had a lunch engagement, for he was forever glancing at his hat, and when he told me about how things stood he grabbed his hat and hurried out of the office ahead of me."

"And then?" asked the girl.

"Then—oh—then? I went out, too, although rather slowly. It was a wonderful morning, just like spring, and I walked over to Laurent's and had lunch in the glass room. I was trying all the time to think just about how long it took thirty days to pass, and the only thing I could judge by was the monthly bills, and that made the time seem very short, because it always seemed to me that monthly bills come in at least twice a week. I had a very good lunch and enjoyed it, too, just like the men you read about in the papers the morning they are going to be hanged. And I sat some time smoking—long after the other people had left the place. Did you ever read that people who are drowning think of all their past sins?"

The girl nodded and leaned back in her chair, looking full into the shadowed face of the man silhouetted against the fire in the broad hearth.

"Well, do you know it never occurred to me," Crichton went on, "to think of one single sin. I thought of all the happy hours I had ever spent. There were certain people and certain places and certain things that it just seemed as if I had to see before I quit. But, Lord, it was absolutely impossible. One of them, for instance, was a little stretch of beach on an island I always say I discovered in the South Pacific. At sunset the water is pink as coral and it runs up on the pebbles, and the stones look like great white pearls—it's quite wonderful. I have spent a great many happy days there. Another was a native girl I used to know in a little town just beyond Misda in Tripoli. She was very sweet and good to me when I was sick once, and I think she would really have been willing

to marry me, too. She had a smile that I have traveled a great many miles to see several times, and there was a sheen to her copper skin. And then of course there were certain theatres in London and Paris, and there was a path in the Cascine at Florence I wanted to see again very much. The trees grow over it and after a shower, when the sun breaks out and shines through, the dripping leaves glisten like beautifully polished silver against the patches of gold sunshine. There were two or three Russian dishes I wanted to eat again, too, and I should have liked to hear that Hungarian band at Budapest. You know I never could understand good music. There is a place on Rhode Island where I should have liked to go to. It's a queer, old-fashioned little place by the water, and I don't suppose it really means anything to most people, but I spent my summers there as a kid, and I like to go back and wander along the hard beach, and take long walks through the pines where we used to play at Indian massacres. It's a nice old place, and all the distances seem so absurdly short compared to the old days, but it's terribly filled with ghosts—little ghosts of laughing children.

"There were lots of other things I wanted to do and see, but of course I couldn't run all over the world in thirty days very well, could I? I worked it out pretty well that day at Laurent's, and I argued and fought it out with myself for a long time. But gracious! I knew all the time what I wanted to do and what I was going to do, and that was to come back and see you and perhaps ask you to sing for me again."

As Crichton finished the girl looked up at him questioningly, but the man's face was still in the shadow.

"There is no hope?" she asked. "Doctors have given up many men for dead years and years ago and the men are alive to-day. We all know of such cases."

Crichton shook his head. "I'm afraid I'm not one of them," he said. "A month is the most I could have, and I had to beg for that. Just think, only a month left of the sunshine and the sweetness of life. And I tell you it is sweet, Miss Ferguson, and it is fine and good—even if there are fogs, we learn in time that at some old place there is always a sun shining back of them."

"But it is a long while before the sun breaks through sometimes," she said. "I don't know just what to say to you, Mr. Crichton, because I really don't know you at all, and yet I feel that I never knew any one quite so well. I didn't break with Ned on account of you, but I did do it on account of your type, or rather on account of his. He was a good, sweet soul, but he was just like the rest of them here—the men, and the women too, for that matter, are pretty much all made in the same mold. I have to go back to my father's ranch three months every year to keep near the earth and see all of the sky at once. You were different, and I wanted to know you very, very much. I was going to write you to come and see me in town before you sailed, and then—"

"And then?" he asked.

"Then? Well, why not? It can't make any difference now."

"None."

"I didn't send for you because I thought I cared too much."

"But you knew you were not going to marry Curtis?"

"Yes," she said, "I knew that from the first day."

"Then there must have been another reason?"

The girl nodded up at the dark figure. "Yes, there was another reason."

"Not the old reason—the reason of every dull fool

that sits in a club window, the reason why every debutante is told to keep away from me?"

Miss Ferguson nodded.

Crichton, still standing with his back to the fire, clasped his hands behind him and slowly laced and unlaced his fingers.

"I judged," he said, "from what I saw of you before that above all you were charitable. I am sorry that I could not have gone away still thinking so."

"Charity?" she asked. "Do you call that charity? I mean the kind of charity that begins at home. It mayn't have been charitable to you or to me, but the world wasn't made for you and me. We might as well try to dam a flood as to hold back what the world wants to think of us. And don't forget, Crichton, that the world isn't going to stop with us, any more than it began with us. Is it charity to cut the albatross from your own neck and tie it about another's?"

"And yet," the man interrupted, "our happiness would have made up for much. I don't pretend to be unselfish—the Lord knows I have suffered enough to want a little pleasure and peace before I die."

"I know," she said, "I know all of that. I know that we could have been happy, because we could have been content with each other and we could have gone away. But how do we know that those who came after us would have the strength to take up the burden? Do you know that they would have been satisfied, as you and I could have been, with only each other—happy with the heat of the sun over our heads and the smell of the ground under our feet? Do you know that those who might follow us would not choose to live with their kind, and do you know that they would be brave enough to hold up their heads in the crowded places?" The girl rose from her chair and, laying her hand on Crichton's shoulder, half turned him about, so that the red glare from the fire shone fairly in his face. "I know it doesn't make very much difference now," she went on, "but I have told you what my own mother will never know. Is there anything else I can tell you before you go?"

The man and the girl stood for a moment looking into each other's eyes, and then Crichton shrugged his shoulders very slightly and smiled pleasantly into her face. It was a smile such as he might have vouchsafed a wayward child. He took the hand, which still rested on his shoulder, in both of his, and gently touched the tips of her fingers with his lips.

"There is nothing else," he said, "except to say good-bye."

"Good-bye," she whispered, "and God help you."

CRICHTON hailed a passing hansom and took his place in the long row of carriages moving slowly down the avenue. He glanced up with half-closed eyes at the many changes which had taken place since his last visit; narrow towering hotels and broad square banks had apparently grown up overnight, and the brownstone houses of the friends of the early days had been turned into decks of shop windows. But of the crowds on the sidewalks, the faces of the men and women in the passing carriages, he saw nothing—his thoughts were still of the firelit room he had just left and the girl who had told him "good-bye." When he reached the hotel he found his servant waiting for him in his room. "We are going to take a long trip this time, Lawrence," he said. "I don't want to reach Paris before the late spring or early summer, so I think we had better go by way of Yokohama. Find out, to-night if possible, when the next boat leaves 'Frisco, please."

AMERICA AND JAPAN

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

SEVERAL months ago I was discussing certain aspects of the relations of England, the United States, and Japan with a British subject long in the employ of the Chinese Government. The conversation took place in Mukden. We had turned from a thrashing over of conditions in Korea and Manchuria, to the Philippines and the future policy of the United States in the Pacific.

"Is there anything in the present relations between Japan and America which gives Japan a ground for complaint against you?" he asked.

"Nothing I think of," I replied, "except a possible resentment on account of our acquisition of the Philippines and Hawaii. But I don't see any opening for diplomatic complaint at either place just now. Why?"

"Oh, no very definite reason; but they'll spring something on you before long."

Our talk was interrupted. In thinking about it afterward I remembered some things which one of our army officers had told me about Japanese immigration into Hawaii and the Philippines. But the public schools of San Francisco did not enter my mind.

Many who have followed the discussion of the status of Japanese in American public schools must have been at times somewhat bewildered by the apparent shifting of issues as the matter progressed. At first it seemed to be a local question, capable of easy adjustment under tactful handling. Then it suddenly took on a national, then an international, aspect, involving matters wholly foreign to the original point; and now it seems in a way to be smoothed over, at least temporarily, by means of a compromise on a question of coolie immigration into the United States. That such a trivial matter—for such this school question is when examined by itself in correct proportion—should have stirred up such a controversy, caused such wide international



A NEWSBOY SELLING A JAPANESE "WUXTRA"

comment, and strongly excited public feeling in two nations is so puzzling to the lay intellect that it presents the obvious suggestion that, after all, the real issue is still lurking among the undercurrents of diplomacy.

Does not Japan's action, in now seeming to relegate it to a secondary place in the alleged understanding, indicate that perhaps the privilege for a few Japanese children to receive popular coeducation in American schools is of less substantial importance to Japan than other matters not even alluded to, except by inference, in the negotiations? Here is an interesting speculation, and as all matters which have a bearing upon the so-called Situation between Japan and America, and which operate in the United States, have been pretty thoroughly gone over, some light may be found by taking a glance at certain issues rapidly culminating across the Pacific.

A scrutiny of these issues indicates that in raising the school matter Japan simply seized the first convenient opportunity to lodge a diplomatic complaint susceptible of attracting widespread attention without verging too close upon the danger line, and which may serve as a possible offset to complaints against her by the United States in respect to other and more important matters, which the Tokyo Cabinet clearly foresees.

This is a subject as broad and deep in its bearings upon the future of the human race as the great ocean which separates the Orient from the Occident. Japan is essentially a Pacific Power. Her ambition is great, and her dreams stray far; but her soberer statesmen know that the Orient affords an ample field for her immediate activities. There, however, she wants freedom to extend herself. In surveying the world Japan sees but one Western nation strong enough to dispute the issue with her, whose energies tend inevitably

toward the region she has marked out for herself, and whose political and economic position at present offers no reasonable probability of territorial or commercial compromise. This nation is the United States. Japan is fully awake to these fundamental facts; but America as yet only dimly recognizes them.

In respect to American interests in the Far East, several salient facts stand out. Our trade in that region is second only to that of Great Britain, and at the ratio of progress maintained during the past few years, excepting the last, bids fair to soon take first place. By far the larger proportion of this trade has been in the north, and in Manchuria before the war it exceeded that of all other foreign nations combined, excluding Japan. Last year American trade with China fell off astonishingly, chiefly owing to certain handicaps upon entering Manchuria and Korea, for which Japan is almost entirely responsible. And the United States is the only great trading nation directly interested in the future of China which has no so-called "sphere of influence" staked out, and thus has an unequivocal interest in maintaining the "open door."

Japan's Only Real Opponent

NOTWITHSTANDING her long-advertised policy, England might as well be counted out as an active factor in maintaining the "open door" in Manchuria and Korea. Her trade in these countries is small, and any one who has watched the recent course of British diplomacy, in respect to northeastern Asia, must have noticed a disposition to turn over her interests there to her ally. Russia will be well content, for the present, with a preservation of the *status quo*; and France will follow her. The Franco-Japanese and Russo-Japanese agreements recently promulgated afford specific evidence of this disposition. Germany is hostile to Japan's designs, but will not alone actively oppose her; and she has a "sphere" of her own, anyhow.

There remains the United States—the worst injured by existing conditions, in fact, and with most to lose in prospect, with the most far-reaching interest in the future of the Far East of any virile Western Power, and with no compensating offset should the "open door" doctrine lapse into innocuous desuetude. Japan sees ahead of her broader designs an inevitable diplomatic contest with America. In the United States she recognizes her real opponent.

Few persons in America appreciate the vast forces now acquiring momentum in the East, or the tremendous potentiality of these forces once they get moving. The recent heated talk about an imminent war between Japan and the United States was, of course, premature, even ridiculous. Such a war, let us hope, will never come. But he is a short-sighted man who asserts that it is impossible.

There is a disposition in some quarters in America to regard Japan's apparent willingness to consent to a modified exclusion of Japanese laborers from the United States as a magnanimous concession toward a compromise. This suggestion, it may be recalled, was first advanced by Japan, and was coupled with the intimation that Japan does not desire to see her nationals emigrate to America, provided that they may



FORMER PRIME MINISTER OKUMA

Leader of the Japanese Opposition, and a militant "Jingo"

be permitted freely to settle in Manchuria and Korea. Here is the kernel of this diplomatic nut. Manchuria and Korea are already flooded by Japanese immigrants, encouraged and assisted by the Government through discriminations against not only other foreigners, but also against the natives of those countries. Even under these peculiarly advantageous conditions, the tide has already turned, and many Japanese are returning, discouraged, to Japan. Thus any genuine restoration of

Chinese or Korean autonomy carries with it the probability that the ground gained by the war will be lost, and the scheme to colonize northeastern Asia with Japanese will fail.

This leads, naturally, to a summing up of the results of the recent controversy, in so far as they have developed. The school issue is by no means decided; but it has served to represent the United States to the world as a delinquent in her treaty obligations, and there has been much edifying talk about "international consistency." Japan has not only a treaty with Great Britain similar to her treaty with the United States, but an alliance as well. Yet a Japanese can not put foot ashore in Australasia, England's greatest colony, without giving heavy bond to leave the country at the expiration of a time limit. A Japanese of any class may not go to school in Australasia, nor settle there at all. We have treaties with France, Great Britain, *et al.*, very similar, in respect to general relations, to our treaty with Japan. Yet should a negro or Asiatic British or French subject attempt to enter a white public school in South Carolina, as might happen, it is doubtful if the Administration at Washington would endeavor to compel the South Carolina authorities to admit such a person, or that England or France would insist upon such action. A foreigner may not own real property in Japan to-day, and is directly and specifically discriminated against in many matters.

Japan Plays a Wily Game

IN respect to America, the apparent results of the incident take two shapes—national and international. Nationally, we have permitted Japan to embroil us in a heated dispute among ourselves about a question of our internal affairs with which she is only remotely concerned. Internationally, the whole world has got an impression (in dissemination of which the press of America has played a prominent part) that Japan has scored off us in a diplomatic sense, and has a real grievance against us which entitles her to unusual consideration in any matters at issue between the two nations. This sentiment is stored up to Japan's credit, to be used when needed as it soon will be, to justify her actions before the international popular tribunal. Japan's heavy diplomatic obligation to America for our astounding abdication of our rights in Korea is wiped out without our having even the satisfaction of tearing up the note in hand.

On the other hand, what has America gained? We have gained, possibly, permission to regulate our internal affairs without interference from Japan. Anything else? If the State Department has secured some valuable concession from Japan, in exchange for our seeming repulse in some quarters, the public would like to be taken into its confidence.

WHAT WAR TALK MEANS

SOME OPINIONS OF PUBLIC MEN TELEGRAPHED TO COLLIER'S

I REGARD talk of armed conflict as wildly absurd. We have no quarrel with Japan, she none with us.

The contemplated naval manœuvre is simply a perhaps too generous response to a demand the Pacific Coast has been making for ten years. What is a navy for if not to protect our coast lines, continental and otherwise, and our ocean carrying trade? I firmly believe that there is no connection between the so-called Japanese question and this fleet movement. The Navy Department has just got around to doing something we asked for long ago.

ALBERT E. MEAD,
Governor of Washington.

I have always advocated and voted in Congress for liberal appropriations for first-class naval vessels, believing it the most effective bond for peace with other countries. I think it a wise policy for our Government to maintain efficient navy yards and keep at home for naval manœuvres our largest battleships, equally divided when practicable between stations and ports on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. I do not think there is the slightest apprehension for war with Japan or any other country.

GEORGE C. PERKINS,
United States Senator from California.

The United States will not give Japan or any country just cause for war, and I have no fear of Japan or any other country giving the United States just cause for war. The cruising of a part of our navy in the Pacific Ocean has, in my judgment, no more significance than the cruising of part of our navy in the Atlantic Ocean, or the cruising of the *Dreadnought* and other ships of the English navy and of other nations in the Caribbean and other waters of the world. Some allowance must be made for the stress under which newspapers labor in finding something to talk about during the dull season.

JOSEPH G. CANNON,
Speaker of the United States House of Representatives.

This talk of war is a wild product of midsummer madness, the silliest scare of the silly season. The so-called Japanese danger seems to me to require no serious consideration other than that needed to stop the panic of ignorance. Seattle knows and admires the Japanese. We have nearly six thousand in this city—the most orderly of our citizens, bar none. There is no sympathy here with the unpatriotic attitude of San Francisco. We want no war with Japan; she wants no war with us. No occasion exists. The danger is

imaginary, not real. As to the proposal to increase the battleship fleet in the Pacific, it has nothing to do with the wretched San Francisco imbroglio. Agitation should cease.

ERASTUS BRAINERD,
Editor of the Seattle "Post-Intelligencer."

Japanese have shown, in my opinion, an undue sensitiveness, almost provocative. Facts ought not to be ignored, including fact of our fleet. The Pacific is, indeed, a very natural place for our fleet. There is no immediate likelihood of war, but the likelihood will be remoter if both nations plainly face the facts.

BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
President of the University of California.

I see nothing in contemplated naval manœuvres which should affect our relations with Japan. Sporadic and insignificant acts of lawlessness, involving our own as well as Japan's citizens, can not properly be regarded as an international matter.

FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS,
United States Senator from Nevada.

While our warships are kept in commission, they may as well be in the Pacific as the Atlantic. I am unable to discover any adequate cause for a quarrel with Japan. Certainly there will be no war until Congress authorizes it, and the American people are tired of war.

J. H. GALLINGER,
United States Senator from New Hampshire.

In my opinion there would have been no talk of war with Japan had it not been for the inflammatory attitude of the press. We are in no danger of going to war with Japan if the newspapers will keep "Scare Headlines" off of their articles.

NATHAN B. SCOTT,
United States Senator from West Virginia.

There is no excuse on either side for war. If, however, Japan be so uppish as to regard the concentration of our fleet as *casus belli*, then a lesson must be taught there as a result of her own conduct. The teaching of it may cost us temporary defeat and much treasure, but her cost would be ultimate defeat and total bankruptcy. California is standing on her rights, and the States as a unit will aid her to maintain them; that is precisely what the Union was formed for. The homogeneity of the population of the Republic can not be sacrificed to satisfy the pride of Japan.

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS,
Member of Congress from Mississippi.

Suppose a case of two high-spirited men, both of whom are proud of the fact that they are known to be fighters; suppose that fool friends of both these high-spirited men begin to urge them to get ready to fight each other; suppose at this stage of the game one of these men throws off his coat, doubles up his fist, and shakes it in the face of the other—would there be any danger of a fight? Ordinarily a naval demonstration by Uncle Sam in the Pacific would have no significance, but coming just at this time it amounts to a defiance of Japan, if not to an indirect challenge.

THOMAS E. WATSON,
Author and Ex-Congressman from Georgia.

I can not believe that we are in danger of war with Japan because of any movement of our ships on our own coast, or for any other reason, unless there is some purpose on the part of Japan to seek pretext for a difficulty with us, and this I am not disposed to impute to her. The talk in the newspapers seems to me like thunder in a clear sky.

GEORGE GRAY,
Member of the International Court of Arbitration.

I refuse to believe the naval manœuvres are meant to impress Japan, but it is very ill-timed and foolish. A nation like ours can always afford to be calm and courageous, never to be fearful and blustering. Neither our people nor the Japanese are so trifling or wicked as to fight over nothing, and the war talk is an insult to the morality and intelligence of the two countries.

EDWIN D. MEAD,
Author and Peace Advocate.

There is no danger of war with Japan. We do not want war with the Japanese, and they do not want war with us. There is no cause of war and no excuse for war talk. The only explanation of the sensational stories circulated is that they can be presented with big headlines and made the basis for a demand for a big navy.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN,
Editor "The Commoner."

I think the mobilization of fleet in Pacific a wise precaution for protection of our commerce and coast line. It makes no difference what Japan may think, or what her desires may be, she should neither be consulted nor considered in matters which affect our interests. I do not think we are in danger of war with Japan, but if we are, the best way to remove the danger is to be prepared.

GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN,
Governor of Oregon.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

STATES AND NATION

THE question of State rights, raised by Secretary Root some time ago in the form of an intimation that unless the States did their duty in the matter of the regulation of corporations the national Government would do it for them, has come up in a new and very different form. In their recent sessions many State Legislatures passed laws of the sort suggested by Mr. Root. The corporations affected obeyed them when they found it convenient, and when they did not they asked the Federal Courts to relieve them from the necessity. In a State like New York, for instance, it was a simple matter to get an injunction from a United States Judge restraining the local authorities from enforcing a measure like the Eighty-cent Gas law, pending a final decision upon its constitutionality. But when similar proceedings were attempted in certain Southern States a serious situation suddenly developed. In North Carolina the Legislature had decreed that no railroad should charge passengers over two and a quarter cents a mile, and any employee who imposed such a charge was made criminally liable for his acts. The Southern Railway decided not to observe this law, and went on selling tickets at the old rate. Thereupon two of its ticket-agents were sentenced to thirty days in the chain-gang by a police judge at Asheville, another agent was fined five dollars in the State Court at Raleigh and let off on a promise never to do it again, and the railroad company was fined \$30,000.

The company promptly procured writs of habeas corpus from Judge Pritchard of the United States Circuit Court, together with an injunction forbidding the State authorities to enforce the law until its constitutionality should be determined. So far everything was according to precedent, but now originalities began to develop. The State authorities refused to yield to the supremacy of the Federal courts. Governor Glenn declared that the rate law was valid on its face, that it must be upheld until definitely decided to be unconstitutional, and that it could not be suspended by an interlocutory injunction. This was the very point that New York had yielded without a contest in the gas cases. Judge Long of North Carolina said that the State courts had exclusive jurisdiction in criminal cases within the State, and Governor Glenn threatened to call out the militia if necessary to prevent any usurpation by the Federal tribunals.

It was thought at first that the Federal Court might try to avoid a conflict, but on July 22 Judge Pritchard rendered an uncompromising decision, ordering the release of the ticket agents at Asheville, forbidding the imposition of penalties upon railroad officials pending the hearings on the merits of the case, and declaring the punitive sections of the law unconstitutional and void, on the ground that their thoroughgoing enforcement would bankrupt the company if it tried to test its rights in the Federal courts, and therefore amounted to a denial of an opportunity to obtain justice. Under Judge Pritchard's original order the railroad had been selling tickets with coupons attached, certifying that the holder was entitled to a rebate in case the law should be sustained. The North Carolina conflict is duplicated in Virginia, where the same Federal judge has undertaken to prevent the enforcement of a two-cent fare law and the State is making every effort to maintain its authority. By direction of President Roosevelt Assistant Attorney-General Sanford visited the North Carolina storm centre at Asheville to

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SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

CONTENTS

States and Nation	16
Where Japan Rules	16
San Francisco's New Leaf	17
Tempering Justice With Mercy	17
Our Naval Calamities	17
Friends of the Canteen	19
Strong Medicine for Texas	19

try to prevent a collision between the State and Federal authorities.

The situation is one of extreme delicacy. It raises questions that were never contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. To their minds the line between State and Federal jurisdiction was fairly clear. A person was either a resident of a State or he was not. A wagon-load of goods was an object of interstate commerce if it crossed a State line, but not otherwise. But now that business on a large scale is carried on almost exclusively by artificial persons called corporations, which may be domiciled anywhere, while the same train that carries passengers and freight within a State is also engaged in interstate commerce as well as in carrying the mails, it is hard to find any subject with which the Federal courts may not interfere if they wish. The State tribunals find themselves reduced to police court cases, and even there they exercise authority only on sufferance, for it was the judgment of a police court that Judge Pritchard overruled at Asheville.

From the point of view of the corporations, whose operations often cover a dozen States, and whose stockholders are scattered not only all over this continent, but over Europe, it is, of course, highly desirable that they should be under one legal jurisdiction instead of having to bother with a lot of local rules. But it is obvious that this arrangement, if adopted, will completely alter the character of our Government. A tremendous constitutional amendment that would never have stood a chance of adoption if proposed in the ordinary way will have been enacted by the development of business under judicial constructions.

It is hard to imagine a case more strictly local than that of the charges of a gas company, nor is there any State court that enjoys a higher reputation than the New York Court of Appeals; yet the first impulse of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York when it wished to contest a rate law was to take it into the Federal courts, ignoring the tribunals of its own State. The transfer of all business litigation of any importance to the national judiciary threatens to overload the existing United States courts to such an extent that the system will have to be reorganized and immensely expanded if it is not to be hopelessly clogged with work. Fortunately the force can be recruited to almost any extent from State judges with nothing to do.

WHERE JAPAN RULES

IT has been reserved for our time to see the pathetic end of one of the world's most ancient empires. The last pretense of Korean independence was abolished by the enforced abdication of the Emperor on July 19. Korea is now a subject province of Japan, still, indeed, possessing an imperial figurehead, but with less real independence and liberty than are enjoyed by any of the home provinces of Nippon.

The action of the Emperor in sending a delegation to ask admittance to the Hague Conference was held by the Japanese to make his position impossible. The Premier of Japan, Marquis Hayashi, visited Seoul in person. Under Japanese pressure the Korean Premier and Cabinet laid before the Emperor a long list of his political errors and humbly urged him to save the country by abdicating in favor of the Crown Prince. The advice was so unpalatable that the monarch at first refused to accept it. He called the Elder Statesmen into conference, but they unanimously urged the same course. The Emperor finally yielded and issued a proclamation saying that during the forty-four years of his reign national calamities had followed in rapid succession. The people's distress had now become so aggravated that he thought the time had come to transfer the crown to the heir apparent in accordance with ancestral usage.

The abdication did not restore tranquillity. On the contrary, it proved the one thing needed to rouse a patient and inert people to fury. The native troops displayed a mutinous spirit. Crowds of courtiers poured into Seoul, and the small Japanese garrison was in a precarious position. Five thousand Koreans tried to storm the palace gates and there was rioting throughout the capital. At the time of the abdication there were about ten thousand Japanese soldiers in Korea, a number entirely insufficient to hold down even an unarmed nation of ten million people if it had any national spirit. The Japanese have not yet succeeded in pacifying the little island of Formosa, which they have held for a dozen years, although the trouble-making savages there are only a hundred thousand strong. A really serious uprising in Korea would put them under bonds to keep the peace everywhere else for an indefinite time.

The fate of Korea is a solemn warning that to survive in the present state of this world a nation must be either deserving or strong. It is generally, although not always, possible to find sufficient decency in mankind to protect a nation that is deserving, though weak. A country that is strong can protect itself, however undeserving it may be. But one that has neither the strength to take care of itself nor the virtue to win protection from others has no rights that any more vigorous Power is bound to respect. Korea knocked vainly at the doors of the Hague Conference. She had not a single battleship to emphasize her desire for peace. A London paper humorously observed that the late Emperor brought his fate upon himself by having taken the Hague Conference too seriously, and another remarked with cheerful cynicism: "After all, Korea, by the very circumstances of her geographical position, was foredoomed to be a spoil of war, and the complete Japanization of Korea can only be a matter of time, provided the verdict of the last war remains unaltered."

The strenuous proceedings of the Japanese in Korea will furnish new arguments to the advocates of exclusion in California, British Columbia, Aus-

tralia, New Zealand, and South Africa. The ten or fifteen million natives of the Korean Empire have been regarded as simply annoying obstructions in the way of the occupation of the land by the Japanese immigrants. The question naturally suggests itself whether the natives of other lands suitable for Japanese immigration are regarded in a similar light.

As so many other people have done before them, the Koreans are beginning to struggle for their independence when it is too late. They sluggishly leaned first upon China and then upon Russia, doing nothing for themselves, and now that they find themselves the serfs of Japan they suddenly discover that they do not like it. The statesmen who could not defend their power when they had it are intriguing for its recovery now that they have lost it. The discarded Emperor himself intrigued from the moment of his abdication, attempting to continue to rule through his son, and some of his chief advisers have been arrested for conspiracy. The end may be the abolition of even the pretense of a native government and the transformation of the Japanese Resident into a Governor-General.

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW LEAF

The stricken Pacific metropolis to enjoy the novelty of an honest government



THE San Francisco oddity of government by confessed bribe-takers in the interest of reform came to an end on July 16, when the Supervisors elected Dr. Edward R. Taylor Mayor. The choice was dictated by Prosecutors Langdon and Heney, who had been ruling the city through their hold on the boodling Supervisors. Dr. Taylor represented the real "better element," not the so-called better element that had been running things "on a business basis" by buying franchises and dodging taxes. He was Dean of the Hastings College of Law and Acting President of Cooper Medical College, and had won a reputation in scholarship. He had also dallied with the poetic Muse. The egregious Schmitz refused to "recognize" the new order of things and persisted in his effort to run the government from his prison cell. Mayor Taylor announced that he would carry out a non-partisan policy. His sudden and unexpected translation from academic cloisters to the whirlpool of the most strenuous municipal government in the world confronted him with an appalling task. He found the whole public service built of rotten timbers, almost every beam of which needed to be taken out and replaced. The combination of corrupt labor unionism, corrupt capitalism, and vice had to be broken up. The entire Board of Supervisors was to be thrown on the scrap-heap to make room for one of honest men. Mayor Taylor declared his independence of all influences whatever. "As Mayor of this city," he said, "every man looks just as tall to me as every other man." Even the critics of the prosecution professed satisfaction with his choice.



TEMPERING JUSTICE WITH MERCY

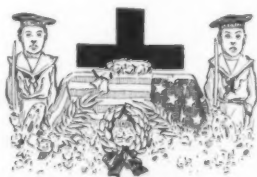
The horrors of the Middle Passage through the New York Custom House to be mitigated

SECRETARY CORTELYOU has administered a rude shock to the accepted principle of the customs service that all travelers to foreign parts are criminals who will smuggle in the products of European pauper labor if they get a chance. He has adopted rules that give these persons the privilege accorded to others accused of crime of being considered innocent until they are proved guilty. Hitherto, on the arrival of a ship in an American port the passengers have been lined up before a customs official and forced to make oath to the value of the foreign articles in their baggage. The Government has then set inspectors to work to prove them perjurers. Under the new rules promulgated by Mr. Cortelyou the passengers will be allowed to fill out blanks describing their purchases at any time during their voyage. No oaths will be required. Before the last day the declarations will be collected to be turned over to the customs authorities on arrival. The examination on the pier will be conducted as usual, but the preliminaries will be simplified.

Of course, the new system will make no difference in the actual burdens with which the tariff welcomes the wayfarer home. An honest traveler will declare just as much and a dishonest one just as little on a simple certificate as under oath, and the traveler's word is not accepted in either case. But in showing some little regard for the convenience of people who bring in goods, as in the liberalized regulations under the German tariff agreement, the Government is acting on the theory that the crime of importation may have extenuating circumstances. Such a doctrine may have incalculable consequences.

OUR NAVAL CALAMITIES

American sailors find target practice more dangerous than war



EACH of the great navies seems to have its characteristic type of accidents. The American type is that of turret explosions. The latest of a long series of disasters of this kind occurred on July 15, when a hundred pounds of smokeless powder in one of the eight-inch gun turrets of the battleship *Georgia* caught fire and enveloped twenty-one men in flame and poisonous gases. Ten of these died at once or within a few days, and all the rest were badly burned. Only perfect discipline and self-sacrificing devotion to duty prevented a still more frightful calamity. A young sailor

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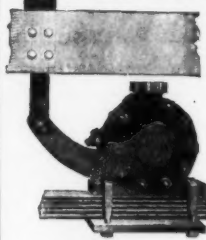
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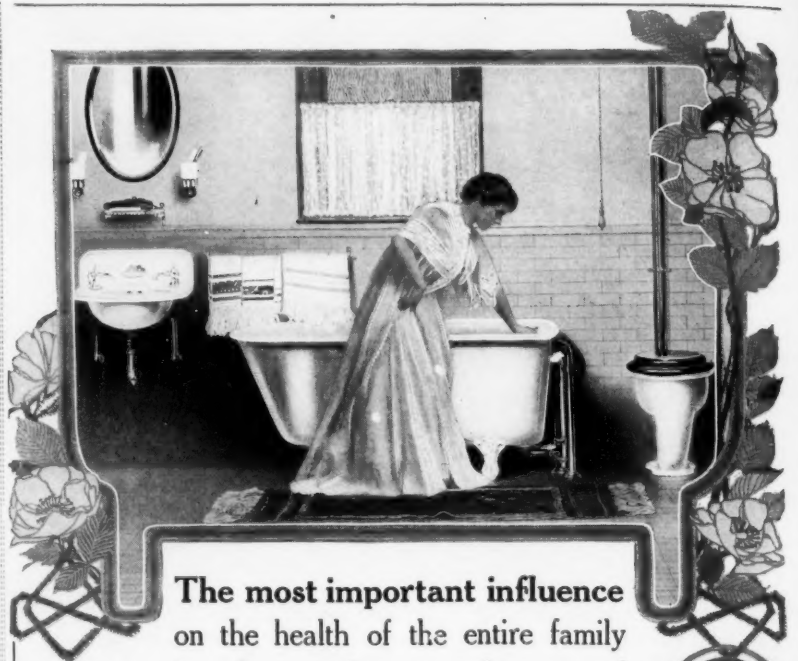
They accept it as an authority on correct style; many even who have never worn our clothes, follow its guidance; its value in this way to the man who receives it is even greater than its value as an advertisement of our clothes.

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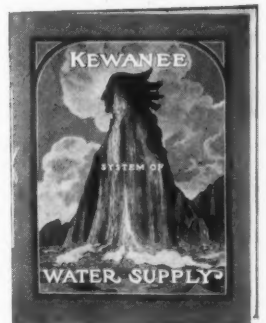
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which does not do everything we claim for it, may be returned at our expense and its purchase price will be refunded.

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The Kewanee System is not an experiment. There are over seven thousand of our water supply plants in successful operation. Perhaps there are some in your immediate neighborhood—our catalog tells.

If you are in the market for a water supply system of any description and for any purpose, write to us. Tell us what you want supplied with water and we will send you our complete general catalog by return mail. Ask for Catalog No. 34.

Kewanee Water Supply Co.
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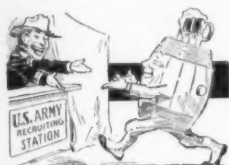
32 Broadway, New York

820 Marquette Bldg., Chicago



who had apparently enlisted under an assumed name was pushing a charge of powder into the other gun in the turret when the flash came. He pushed the charge home and closed the breech, preventing an explosion that would have wrecked the turret and killed every man in it. He died, but his work was done. The men in the twelve-inch turret below saw the burning powder dropping upon them, and without knowing what was happening, they coolly put out the sparks, moved their own powder to safety, and took all the precautions needed to keep the fire from reaching the magazine. A little less vigilance and courage on their part might have meant the loss of the ship.

The disaster was attributed at first to a spark from a funnel falling through a ventilator, but this theory was later exchanged for that of a "flare-back"—a bit of burning cloth from a previous discharge blowing back through the gun upon the new load. After the frightful disaster on the *Missouri*, which had been laid to the same cause, an attempt had been made to avert danger from this source by installing fans to clear the bore of the guns before inserting new charges, but it appears that the use of these appliances had been generally neglected. A sensational story was published to the effect that the manufacturers of the smokeless powder supplied to the *Georgia* had used an inferior quality of cotton, which made the product liable to spontaneous explosion, but this was vehemently denied. It is a painful fact, however, that the powder used in the American navy has caused more disastrous turret accidents in the past five years than have been experienced in any other navy in the world. The *Georgia* calamity is the fifth of the kind. These accidents have cost us sixty-three lives, against two lost in battle in the Spanish War.



FRIENDS OF THE CANTEEN

The Army and Navy Union thinks beer better than whisky for soldiers

THE National Army and Navy Union, in convention at Washington, resolved on July 18 that the canteen should be restored in the army.

The resolutions, which were adopted with uproarious cheers, declared that the experience of the members had "shown beyond question that the sale of beer and light drinks in the army canteen was a veritable temperance measure; that it aided in promoting the moral welfare and comfort of the men in the post and camps, and that no greater blow to genuine temperance was ever struck than when the law was repealed."

The remarkable spread of prohibition by local option and otherwise throughout the country, especially in the South and West, offers a possible basis of compromise between reasonable friends of temperance and reasonable advocates of the canteen. The object all profess to have at heart is the promotion of the welfare of the soldiers. Experience has shown that the abolition of the canteen usually means the substitution of poisonous whisky in low dives for beer in a respectable club, bringing drunken carousals in the place of sober enjoyment. That is not an end which any enemy of the Demon Rum can approve. But it may be answered that in prohibition States and counties the soldiers could not get whisky. This suggests a compromise by which army posts which the local laws permitted to be surrounded by groceries would be allowed to counteract their attractions by the sale of beer in canteens, while those whose surroundings were strictly dry would have to remain dry themselves. Such an arrangement would permit interesting comparisons to be made of the condition of the soldiers with and without the canteen, and would also help to show just how far prohibition really prohibited.

STRONG MEDICINE FOR TEXAS

The chief end of business now is to keep out of jail



THE horrible suspicion is percolating through certain strata of the population of Texas that it is possible to be too zealous in the holy war against trusts. The Legislature that recently adjourned carried fire and sword into the camp of these public enemies. It passed laws that drove most of the great life insurance companies out of the State, and it made things interesting for the railroads, but its culminating triumph was a law which outlawed every trust and made it a felony, punishable by from two to ten years' imprisonment, to sell or handle any trust-made goods. Ignorance was to be no excuse. It was generally supposed that this applied to everybody, and the merchants thought they saw the gates of the State prison yawning for every one of them. The storekeeper who sold Uneda biscuits or Nabisco wafers felt himself a felon whose cell was already reserved. It is hard to tell by inspection of a can of kerosene that it did not come from a Standard Oil refinery. To sell a pack of cigarettes free from the taint of the Tobacco Trust or a box of matches that never saw a factory of the Match Trust would take detective ability that would be wasted behind the counter of a country store. Sugar Trust sugar looks alarmingly like the independent article, and there is a lot more of it. And no matter how conscientiously the retailer may investigate the economic orthodoxy of the scissors he handles, how is he to be sure that the steel they are made of was not furnished by the Steel Trust? In fact, it is more than probable that the Steel Trust furnished the very bars behind which the merchants of Texas have expected to be locked for selling its products. The harassed traders have been holding meetings to induce the Governor to call the Legislature in extra session to repeal its formidable law. Some of them have asked the Attorney-General to furnish them with a list of trusts whose goods they may not sell. But that official has soothed them by telling them that the law does not apply to dealers who buy and sell on their own account, without exclusive contracts. Its teeth were meant only for the agents of trusts, and for those merchants who make themselves agents by joining in agreements in restraint of trade.



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have a distinctive quality—a harmonious blending of the full-flavored richness of the finest Turkish leaf with a pleasing mildness—which has won from connoisseurs unanimous approval as

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can bring with it no cause for dissatisfaction "if the birds were there" and if your shells were loaded with

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It possesses all the desirable features that a perfect shotgun powder should have. It is a guaranteed powder, and that means everything. The fact that more Dupont Smokeless is used, both at the trap and in the field, than all the rest of the shotgun smokeless powders put together, stamps it as the American sportsman's favorite.

Specify DUPONT SMOKELESS in all your loaded shells

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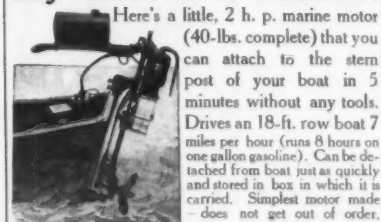
is a summer necessity to women of refinement. It absorbs perspiration.

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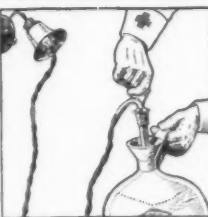
Your blades should improve each time you shave instead of becoming poorer. You can get keen, smooth, delightful shaves with your safety razor if you will use the right method. It is the very latest idea and can be used with any make of safety razor. Don't throw away a single used blade. They have more cutting value than new blades. Simply tell us the name of your safety razor and we will send this method illustrated—free to you. Write today. A postal will do. You should know about this method for your own comfort and satisfaction in shaving. **THE RADIUMITE COMPANY**, Dept. 563, 1545 W. Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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For Pumping, Cream Separators, Churns, Wash Machines, etc. FREE TRIAL. Ask for catalog—all sizes. **GILSON MFG. CO., 312 Park St., Port Washington, Wis.**

Life in Our Town

In the issue of February 23 Collier's offered a prize of \$100 for the best letter on the subject "Life in Our Town." The prize letter was printed in the issue of May 4; other letters will be printed in forthcoming numbers of Collier's



DOWN AT THE "DEE-PO"

THE casual observer of this little Western town might at the first glance think I had picked out a very poor subject. On the contrary, I think it is the very best, especially if you are the railroad agent in a place like this. This burg is small, but we have all the griefs that come the way of the information bureau manager of the largest Union Depot. An ordinary person with an ordinary job starts the day's work in the morning. I am on deck all the time, so I will begin when the discordant whistle of a locomotive wakes me from a peaceful sleep. I roll over on the straw mattress furnished by the generous landlord of our hotel, and murmur something under my breath not very complimentary about railroads in general. Again the screech of that iron monster, not once, but half a dozen times in quick succession. It's all off; then I know there is nothing to do but get up and do what I can to relieve the suffering of that puffing demon; so out of bed I roll, and the cold, crisp atmosphere makes me hustle; slipping into my clothes, I throw an overcoat over my shoulders, and make a break across the street, stepping on my shoelaces as I go, to that shack dignified by the name of depot. I meet a shivering conductor and brakeman in the waiting-room; unlocking the office door, I find it is as cold there as outside; lighting the smoky oil-lamp I make toward the telegraph counter and start the wires to buzzing, find the passenger train, which the freight is tied up for, two hours late and get them orders to that effect; with another screech or two they rattle out of town. Report this information to the despatcher and say "GN," which, in the language of the key, means good night. "No sta tr." Figure it out, and you will find out it means: "No, stay there." That is what I did, built a fire, and got to work on my books. Might as well do that as anything, and every little bit helps. If I thought I was going to work undisturbed, even at that time of night, I was mistaken, for soon the sounds of a rig were heard outside and in bustled a man, a woman, and two small children. There being no fire in the waiting-room, of course they had to be taken into the office. The children amused themselves by dragging the coal-bucket across the floor, while the old woman took the only chair in the house, and the old man whiled the time away by asking questions of me. Thank goodness, the passenger train would be there in a half-hour, and then I would probably get a chance to resume my slumbers. After copying an order and two messages, the train finally came, and, like the freight, was gone forever, until the next one came. Again I approached the wire: "GN." "Minute, I'll see," snapped back the man in the mahogany chair at the other end; waited five minutes, nothing doing, again repeated my request. "Well, DM it, go," was the response. The next thing I knew after hitting the knotty straw mattress was to hear the breakfast-bell clanging vigorously; I repeated the operation of getting up and assembled with the rest at the long table. Sow-belly, eggs, and coffee was the menu; had been for six months, long as I have been here. Back to the station, get swept out, fires kindled, and get to work writing up expense bills; local will be here soon, have got ten way-bills to make up and twice as many expense bills before they get here, work like mad, interrupted every few minutes by the wires, man up the line wants me to send him a few abstract blanks, copy a message advising me superintendent will be over line to-morrow and to have station and grounds put in good shape. Despatcher gives me an order, local whistles for town; only half through making the way-bills. Conductor comes bustling in hands full of bills: "Only ten thousand pounds of it for you to-day. What you got to go?" he asks. I shove him what bills I have got made out, and he raises a big roar: "Why in thunder don't you let the other man do some of this work?" he says. "Darned if I am going to do everything." Goes storming out. I get my sealing iron and bunch of seals and start to checking out freight, soon have warehouse filled to roof, brakemen start to dumping it on ground, drop box of whisky and lid flies off, grand rush for same. We finally get most of our freight and local is thing of the past, at least for to-day. No 4, the southbound passenger train, be here soon, dozen people hollering for tickets, drummer says he is going to report me to headquarters if I don't hurry up and check his six trunks. Get them all fixed up just as the train pulls in, grab my mail-sack, start for the door, run into the arms of a fat lady coming in, no time to apologize. Get the trunks all loaded, dump out some express, and train puffs out of station. Have got large bundle of railroad mail, hurry to open it to see if I am fired yet. First is circular advising all employees wages will be reduced ten per cent. Next is an under-charge statement which advises me I failed to collect enough freight on a car of lumber, and I will please remit six dollars and thirty-three cents at once. Another says the auditor's office is short a report that I have already mailed them three copies of. Three more letters to open when the despatcher calls me, man at ticket window pounding with his cane, drayman at warehouse door shouting for admittance. My, I wish they were all in H!

E. N. COLLINS, Electra, Texas.

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN

I CAME to Deighton ten years ago a stranger and the bride of its one storekeeper. For a time a honeymoon glamour hung over the little village with its seven hundred inhabitants, its crooked lanes, its ill-kept roads, and its scattered abodes. I was myself so supremely happy that at first I saw only the best side of my new acquaintances, and the picturesque possibilities of a town that, Topsy-like, "just grew," in odd, confused fashion, over a scattered area of hill and dale. After a somewhat painful and enlightening initiation, I gradually found, and fitted myself into, my appointed niche in the social life of the place. "Near to Nature," is a phrase much affected by the modern philanthropist, and, in passing through the initiatory degree to which I have referred, its beauties were exemplified in many soul-searing ways. It is natural for every hen in a henyard to fall upon any newcomer, and, if possible, pick out her eyes; if the stranger cackles defiance and picks back with praiseworthy persistence, she is adopted into the flock with noisy acclaim; but if she shows a white feather, or a meek and lowly spirit, her doom is sealed; an out-cast and a pariah, she remains until some calamitous cook-pot ends her career. This desire to rend and tear any outsider is in the human animal kept in abeyance by an artificial veneer, known as civilization; the higher the civilization the thicker the veneer. Our ancestors fell upon strangers with club, stone, tooth, nail; our own primitive instincts employ their modern prototypes, and

"With words for whips, we sting and flay,
With deeds for swords, we thrust and slay."

I am not one to turn the right cheek when the left is smitten, neither have I a meek and lowly disposition, and after weeks of puzzled anguish, and a bewildering overthrow of all my preconceived ideas of gentle breeding, of courtesy, and of the amenities of polite society, I rubbed off enough of my own acquired veneer to fit into a niche, which, although neither self-selected nor comfortable, yet enables me to overlook in an impersonal sort of way the varied niches of my neighbors, and to understand why the life of our town is neither ennobling nor satisfying. In the first place, it reflects the survival of the unfit. For generations, all who have felt the call of ambition have gone to larger and more fertile fields, only the indolent, the self-satisfied, and the necessity-constrained have remained. Secondly, avariciousness has a paralyzing grip upon the public heart. They

No Use For The Stork

if you can't feed the children properly when they come.

The perfect food for growing children is

Shredded Wheat

because it supplies, in well balanced proportion and in digestible form, every element needed for building healthy tissue, strong bones, sound teeth and good brain.

You can't build sturdy boys and girls out of corn or oats or white flour bread or pastries. A Shredded Wheat Biscuit supplies all the energy needed for work or play, for children or grown-ups, for invalids or athletes.

A Breakfast of SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT, with hot or cold milk or cream, will supply all the energy needed for work or play. TRISCUIT is the same as the Biscuit except that it is compressed into a wafer and is used as a toast for any meal, instead of white flour bread. At all grocers.

It's All in the Shreds

THE NATURAL FOOD CO., Niagara Falls, New York



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Southern Pacific through California and Oregon

The islands of the Pacific, many in view from the Road of a Thousand Wonders, are famous fishing and hunting resorts and picturesque beyond any other in America. Santa Catalina with Crescent Bay and a hundred islets; Santa Cruz with ocean caverns and painted caves; Morro Rock, a stupendous ocean sentinel; the Farallones, place of birds; Santa Rosa, San Miguel, Anacapa and (in San Francisco Bay) Angel, Alcatraz (picture above) and Yerba Buena, each with attractions of its own—all these are of interest to travelers.

Oregon and California, with their redwood and pine forests—finest in America—clear mountain-born streams, snow-tipped peaks and long beaches where cool sea-breezes blow, all natural parks through which wind the best summer wagon roads in America. For motoring and driving the oiled and sanded roads of California are an endless delight—and naturally the best roads in America.

Here also are to be found the finest summer watering places. Summer temperature averaging 56 to 63, varying little above or below; no summer rains or storms; cloudless days and nights; long stretches of smooth firm sand; backgrounds of nearby forested mountains; good fishing, bathing and boating; inexpensive tent and cottage cities and fine tourist hotels. Any railway agent will tell you of the low summer excursion rates from the East over the Southern Pacific Road of a Thousand Wonders to California and Oregon, daily to September fifteenth. For a beautiful book with 120 fine views in four colors of California and Oregon scenery and a copy of *Sunset*, beautiful magazine of the wide-awake West, descriptive of the wonderful reconstruction of San Francisco, send 15 cents to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Co., Dept. P, Flood Building, San Francisco, California.



had to be frugal, industrious, and saving, those ancestors who wrested fair homes from rocky hillsides, but their frugality begat in their descendants an hereditary meanness that blocks as nothing else can the wheels of progress; consequently there is in the village no public spirit, no civic pride, but instead a continual municipal ferment, and a wasteful and unsatisfactory outlay of public funds.

This spirit of parsimony has also been fostered by an absolute dearth of money-making opportunities, and consequently of money itself.

A dollar in Deighton is so magnified by the difficulty of its acquirement as to bear a preposterous value.

Naturally this situation falls heaviest upon the women, for running a house upon nothing a year taxes mind and body to the breaking point.

Such stories of parsimony and dishonesty as a trader reads in the smuggled eggs, the oats sequestered quart by quart from a husband's bin, the pound or two of secreted butter, that wives barter for some coveted comfort, would fill a book, the like of which was never printed.

Antedating Deighton days, I believed the popular fallacy that held country men stronger and healthier, and country women sweeter and truer, than their city brothers and sisters, yet acquaintance has taught me that generations of leisure-loving, cider-soaking, tobacco-smoking fathers, and overworked, discouraged mothers have left their mark in the deafness, blindness, or physical or moral degeneracy of one or more members of almost every family.

This fact, combined with an utter lack of all class distinctions, has resulted in a low moral tone.

When we get very near to nature we find every impulse of youth, love, desire, tending toward lawlessness. The conventions protect the laws, fitting certain penalties to certain infractions; conventions are a dead letter in Deighton, consequently there are no social outcasts and no impregnable barriers for the protection of innocence.

If a woman demands her right to the pursuit of happiness, if her activities reach beyond manual labor and such mental processes as are evolved from her daily necessities, then she must reach either to heaven or hell, for there is nothing between.

The woman who was tried for her life at Maine's capital last year was a fair sample of a large, ignored New England type.

Glorying in the fact that, despite her years, motherhood, wifehood, a boy loved her, she acknowledged their mutual infatuation. Swinging, pendulum like, between religious hysteria and her Tenderloin tendencies, she owed her acquittal solely to the fact that the skeleton whose bones she rattled in public had its prototype in the attic or cellar of countless New England homes, making all concerned willing to give her the benefit of the saving doubt as to whose finger pressed the fatal trigger.

Such women abound in our town, and only higher ideals and saner, sweeter surroundings can work out their salvation.

Deighton has its possibilities; within five miles the largest railroad in New England runs its dozen daily trains; within two miles a splendid sheet of falling water roars perpetual protest against a wasted opportunity.

All the town needs is a little expended energy, a little properly applied thrift, a general uplifting of ideals, a larger understanding and higher conception of humanity, a moving away from nature along the lines of progress and industrial education.

J. C., Maine.

OUR TOWN'S POLITICIANS

THERE can be no mistake about it, the subject of most general interest in our town is politics. Fully a third of our male persuasion may be called prominent politicians and will smoke cigars with equally gracious condescension whether tendered by some one of the same or different political complexion.

The ability to smoke continuously and serenely any and all brands of leaf masquerading as tobacco is the first qualification for political preferment. We frequently sit for hours in a crowded room on a hard seat, and absorb through smoke the machine-made wisdom of the bellwethers. We are thus made wise and able to vote and work for the right man. We are careful to select candidates from men whose private business affairs for various reasons are not irksome, and we are thus assured that town affairs will not be neglected from stress of personal interests. There is little or no opportunity for the gratification of grafting propensities in our hamlet, and candidates are frequently called upon to spend far more to secure election than comes back to them in the form of salary if successful. Of course, they know this before entering a contest, and therefore it is done cheerfully and with the true spirit of self-sacrifice which should actuate any good citizen when public office demands him. Occasionally we put a man up in caucus to knock him down at election. This is deemed a very effectual cure for swelled head or undue political precocity. To avert party disaster, if such is a probability, a dark horse independent is put up and the wise are made wiser. We have been known to wipe out our entire police force following an election, whereby a new gang has been placed in power. The newly appointed cops have had to give up their erstwhile occupations, and those dismissed have had to look for work. Naturally such little pleasantries cause more or less feeling and intensify the party lines and ensure interested campaign workers for subsequent battles. It may be argued that such action is folly and reverts disastrously on our own heads. Of course it does. There can be no proper morale to a police force which is subject to caprice of this kind. However, we are not troubled by considerations of policy or common welfare. Our interests are not here. Most of us only pay poll tax and are tenants at will. We can move if we are not satisfied. The game of politics is our evening and Sunday pastime. Some among us are hungry for office, and we enjoy ourselves taking sides and putting up jobs to see which gets the office and which gets the ax. To attend our town meetings is to have an inspiring and convincing course of instruction in the simple beauty of democratic government. It is a great pity the youth of our magnificent country do not have the same opportunity more generally.

The exuberance of youth is beautifully illustrated at town meeting when some hotly contested article of the warrant is on tap. Nothing stirs our public-spirited natures to the depths like the election of a moderator for town meeting. Much discrimination is necessary, and no two cliques discriminate with the same result. When finally a selection is made it becomes the duty of each clique to support the chairman or make a monkey of him according as they are severally disposed. Does not this create disturbances and impede business? Most assuredly, but then the warrant can be dragged along through any number of meetings and will eventually be disposed of, so what is the use of haste. Let us rather take plenty of time and consider each thing in its every possible and impossible light and bearing. Then again it is not always wise to act on everything at one meeting. The crowd of one meeting is not the crowd of another. That which one lot of citizens will obstruct another will pass, and it is well to gage the feelings, views, and temper of each meeting and act on the items by judicious selection, and thus legislate for the best interest of—well, they are always present to attend to the selection.

To illustrate the enthusiasm with which we throw ourselves into the game, it may be stated that every society or organization of whatever calibre to which an aspirant for public office may be remotely connected is dragged into his campaign literature. If it can be shown that a man is a good "jiner," we consider his chances in the race are greatly enhanced. Even his religious affiliation when it is sufficiently robust to stand the strain we work it. This affords many opportunities for niceties of analysis in comparing the merits of opponents. Some of us take no interest in the particular brand of piety espoused, but we know what it means if a candidate belongs to our bowling club. Oh, yes, we believe in knowing our men before we vote for them, and we expect them to advertise the class with which they graduated from Podunk High School or Skowhegan Academy.

The female persuasion of our town are not poignantly distressed over politics. Their dominant chord is entirely different, but, with Kipling, that is another story.

T. M. KILLICK, Revere, Massachusetts.

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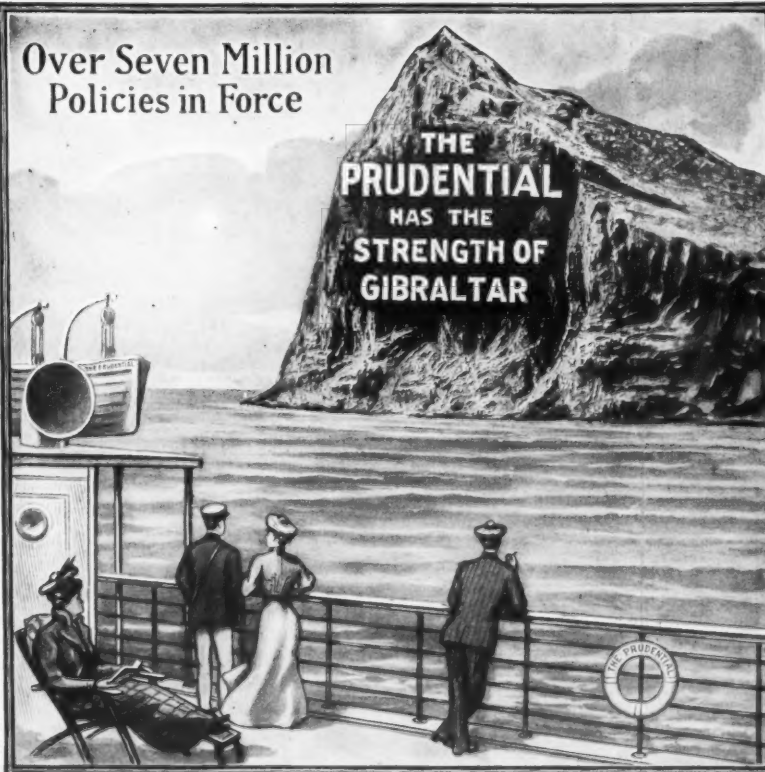
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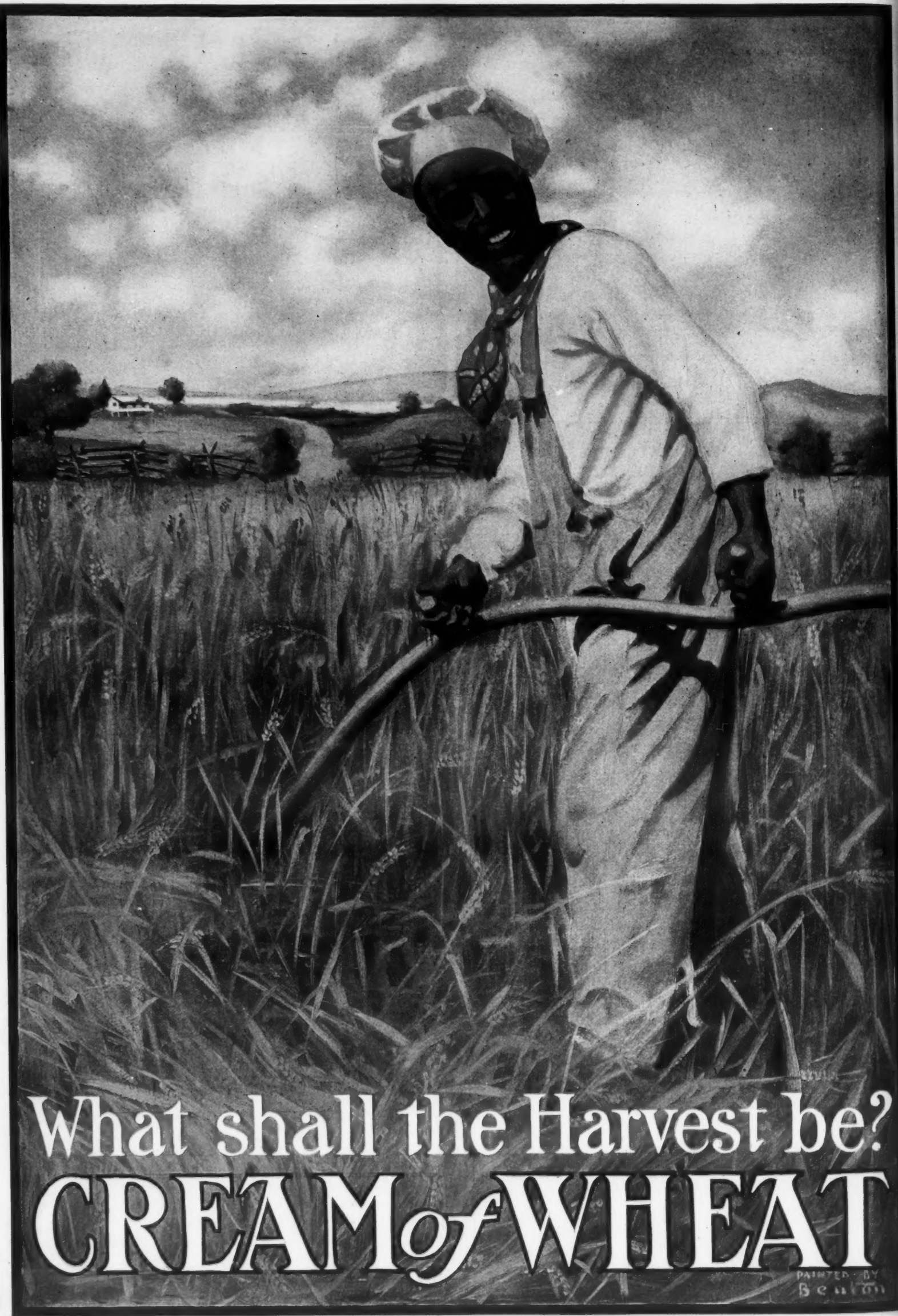
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